THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XL. No. 1034 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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The Gook Complex

OBSERVERS at Lake Success agree about the staggering effect of General Wu's demeanour upon the American people. They seem to have expected the representatives of a backward colonial people, dazzled by the speed and splendour of American civilisation, to appear as supplicants before the Western world. After all, do not G.I.s automatically use the same contemptuous word of Koreans and Chinese? Even those Americans who know that the Chinese feel the reverse of inferior to "barbarians," whose civilisation rests on machines, were taken aback to hear the Chinese General standing up as spokesman of a Great Power with 450 million people ready to defend their country and its revolution. Yet it should now be clear to the U.S. that the Chinese are unlikely to negotiate except on terms of equality with other Great Powers.

What of the argument of the battlefield? If MacArthur gets his way, Americans can bomb Manchuria and add new deserts to the Asiatic mainland; but, unless they intend permanently to occupy China—a crazy conception—even military victory would be fruitless. Already, in the Korean fighting, it is being discovered that the technological backwardness of the Chinese is an asset: as a Washington report pointed out the other day, "the average cost of keeping an American soldier in uniform for a year is about $7,000, whereas the cost of a Chinese soldier is about $200." The reaction in the U.S. is sometimes to argue that the manpower odds can be redressed, in the words of an American newspaper, by "the strategy of fighting Chinese with Chinese, as suggested by Generals MacArthur and Chennault." It is an attitude which recalls the famous parody of Britain's traditional solution:

> We don't want to fight but, by Jingo, if we do
> We won't go ourselves, we'll send the mild Hindu.

The British have learnt that the mild Hindu is no longer prepared to fight their battles for them. The Americans have yet to learn this lesson—that Gooks now have minds and wills of their own.

Sometimes, it seems the British are Gooks. The Alsops argued last week in the *Herald Tribune* that America could not "contract her commitments" because her chief military asset is an atomic weapon which can only be released from suitable bases, most of which are situated in the British Commonwealth—including East Anglia. Not by one phrase or sentence do these commentators query the assumption that the British should agree to the destruction of their own island at any time convenient to America. Yet, if atomic bombs are to be dispatched from British bases to targets in the Soviet Union, the Russians would be compelled, even if they were less ruthless people than they are, themselves to bomb England with the most powerful weapons at their disposal. In that event, no expert is so optimistic as to believe that England would remain, in anything but a purely military sense, a habitable place.

We are not surprised to receive—from people who are not Communists or pacifists—letters of protest against the tame acceptance of this programme. The first wave of protest, which arose within the Government last month, led to Mr. Attlee's visit to Washington, where he rightly supported those Americans who understood the folly of becoming unnecessarily involved in war with China. It would be a pity if Mr. Truman and his colleagues are now persuaded that no protest from England can ever go farther than this. Beneath the surface the volume of protest continues to grow. The Labour Movement is to-day riven by the Government's too ready acceptance of American domination.

What we now need is an independent statement of British views about a world settlement. It should be drawn up in concert with Mr. Nehru and perhaps with other Commonwealth leaders, and it should set out constructive proposals which Britain is ready to bring to the proposed Four-Power discussions with the Soviet Union. We should surely begin, in the matter of the Far East, with the bluntest reiteration of the policy already laid down by the Allies in Cairo and Potsdam in favour of the return of Formosa to the Chinese Government. This is now the crux on which a "cease fire" turns. The British are already committed to support Peking for membership of the Security Council, and the U.N. programme includes the evacuation of all foreign troops from Korea, which is the third Chinese demand. If we don't want to be treated as Gooks, we must follow the Chinese in not behaving like them.

The Hoover Doctrine

Few occupants of the White House have known the embarrassment of criticism from unemployed ex-Presidents. But, after years of comparative retirement, Mr. Herbert Hoover has emerged with a refurbished version of his isolationist policy of the 'twenties, and joined the ranks of Mr. Truman's critics. Europe, he

argues, is apparently unwilling to defend itself, and so does not deserve another American dollar or another soldier: Asia seems almost lost and a large-scale campaign against China would be "sheer folly." The moral is that the U.S. must become the "Gibraltar of Western Civilisation," defending itself from invasion across the Pacific or Atlantic by maintaining advanced bases in Japan and, for retaliatory bombing, in Britain.

Mr. Hoover clearly fears that the pattern of events in Korea may be repeated in Europe. Rather than see America's assets squandered by a policy of "containment" which bolsters up unworthy and half-hearted allies round the globe, he desires to make the Western Hemisphere an unassailable fortress. Meanwhile, he and Mr. Kennedy, another political ghost who was U.S. envoy in London during the Chamberlain period, would condemn Europe to a decade or more of Communist rule, comforting themselves with the fantastic belief that "the more people that are under its yoke, the greater are the possibilities of revolt." This is Appeasement Through the Looking Glass.

The U.S. Policy Debate

The speeches of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Kennedy are only part of the acrimonious debate on foreign policy which is now in the centre of the American political stage. The main cleavage is between those, mainly Republicans, who believe that the problem is how to win a war which has already started, and those who are arguing about the way an all-out conflict with the Soviet Union can be avoided. This aim, for all the "toughness" called forth by events in the Far East, was and remains the concern of the Administration. Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson are still striving after "containment"; they favour the matching of strength by strength, and committing U.S. resources in Europe.

Between Mr. Truman and Mr. Hoover lies a third, and perhaps the largest group of would-be policy makers. These, with varying degrees of emphasis, ask the President to move faster down the road he has already taken in recent weeks. They seek full support for Chiang Kai-shek and for anti-Communist guerillas in China; the recognition of Franco as an equal partner; the rearmament of Japan; cuts in the civilian budget; and, in case of opposition to such a policy from France and Britain, they recommend that the President should tell these recalcitrants frankly that they must co-operate or be bypassed by U.S. military aid.

This mood found expression in the Senate just before Christmas, when thirty Republicans —against a majority of forty-five—voted for a motion requesting the President to render "a full and complete report" on his conversations with Mr. Attlee, and insisting that no agreements should be made with Britain save in the form of treaties which require Senate debate and confirmation. It was much the same group of Republicans who secured the vote in their party caucus calling for the dismissal of Dean Acheson.

To these neo-isolationists, who are burdened, like Mr. Hoover, with a distrust of any allies with an independent mind, and who regard trustfully only U.S. pensioners such as Syngman Rhee and Chiang, or tested anti-Communists such as Franco, Mr. Truman has so far replied, in effect, that he intends to go on with the Truman Doctrine. Where, in this debate, are voices calling for a "re-examination" of U.S. policy in a constructive and moderate sense?

The Commonwealth Conference

Next week's meeting in London of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers will have no lack of topics for discussion. Apart from the immediate question how far the main constituent members of the sterling area can concert measures to provide for a more orderly allocation of strategic raw materials and to limit the inflationary effects of a "free-for-all" scramble for them in a situation of world rearmament, the main issue is where the emphasis is to be placed in the contribution made by the Commonwealth towards averting a third world war. To judge from the Indian press, fears are felt in New Delhi that the conference may concentrate unduly on steps whereby the defensive resources of the Dominions can be geared into the North Atlantic Pact. The fact, however, that Mr. Menzies, the Australian Premier, broke his journey in India for talks with Mr. Nehru suggests that Australia will not be inclined to overlook the part which the Commonwealth can and should play in endeavouring to promote a *modus vivendi* in the Pacific as well as the Atlantic area, in South-East Asia as well as in Europe.

Answer to Russia

The Western reply to the Russian proposals of Oct. 22 for a meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers to consider means of ensuring the continued demilitarisation of Germany was delivered, after many weeks of hesitation, on December 22. It was expected to provide no surprises, and it provides none. After replying to Russian accusations with counter accusations, the reply—which took the form of three identical American, British, and French Notes—goes on to assert that "the serious tension which exists to-day springs neither from the question of the demilitarisation of Germany nor from the German problem as a whole. It arises primarily from the general attitude adopted by the Government of the U.S.S.R. since the end of the war and from the consequent international developments of recent months." The Western Powers, accordingly, "would be failing in their responsibilities if they were to confine their discussion to the narrow basis proposed by the Soviet Government," although "questions related to Germany and Austria would obviously be subjects for discussion." There is then a reference to the need to discuss "the principal problems whose solution would make possible a real and lasting improvement" in Great Power relations. A meeting of "representatives" of the Four Powers is proposed "with a view to . . . recommending to their governments a suitable agenda."

Rearming Germany

Meanwhile the High Commissioners have held a five-hour conference with Dr. Adenauer. They were empowered to negotiate over a wide field, and it may be taken as certain that steps towards displacing the Occupation Statute by an effective grant of sovereign rights to the Federal Republic are already under discussion. They have apparently assured Dr. Adenauer that the restriction of German units to brigade level is "only for the beginning;" and indeed it was already obvious that units of 6,000 men would almost automatically—with the addition of ancillary troops and services—acquire divisional strength. It remains to appoint the expert military and political joint committees of Germans and Western representatives who are to thrash out the actual form and extent of mutual concessions. Broadly, the Western Powers will be asked to renounce their political controls in exchange for the active support of the Federal Government and the German ex-officers' associations in the raising of conscripts. It is an apt comment on this state of affairs that among the many changes which the Western Powers must now promote is the repeal of last year's "High Commission Law" which provides heavy penalties for "any activity which would lead to resurgence of militarism or which is contrary to the prohibition of . . . organisations of a military character."

Wages in 1951

The wage advances that are now being conceded to one group of workers after another can be regarded—like the price increases spreading in the consumers' market—as the delayed effects of devaluation. The higher costs of imports are only now beginning to be reflected in the prices of finished goods; and nothing has yet been done internationally to stop the prices of materials from rising further. With armaments claiming more of the national dividend, it will be hard to avoid a steep increase in living costs. In these circumstances the advances that are being given must be regarded as very moderate indeed. The concessions made just before the holidays to cotton weavers and to passenger transport workers outside London are fairly typical. The weavers and other groups in the cotton manufacturing industry got a 10 per cent. advance on earnings—which means an average of about 13s. 9d. for men and 9s. 2d. for women. The provincial bus workers got 7s. 6d. a week; London rates are still under negotiation. Thus the cotton weavers, like the spinners, whose claim was settled a few weeks ago, do relatively well—partly because the industry can well afford the advances, and partly because of the continuing need to attract and hold labour in face of competing demands. The transport workers get only a small advance, though their present rates—£5 7s. 6d. for drivers and £5 3s. 6d. for conductors—are none too high.

The present dilemma about wage claims is that, whereas the export trades are mostly in a position to stand substantial advances—the more so because of rearmament—many other industries, and especially the basic services, will need to pass on whatever they concede to the workers in the form of higher prices. This will certainly be the position on the railways, where the Court of Enquiry set up before the holidays has not yet got to work, and in the coal mines. The N.U.M. has now asked for a meeting of its full Executive with the Coal Board to discuss the whole question of the industry's wage structure.

The Uncounted Cost

WHEN Marshall Aid began, not much more than three years ago, there were few who believed that the declared aim of being able to dispense with it in five years would be fulfilled. Nor would it have been but for U.S. rearmament—impossible at that time to foresee. Up to 1950, the world shortage of dollars seemed certain to persist despite American gifts and loans, and in physical terms Europe's dependence on America appeared inescapable. Economists of all schools of thought were warning us of the impending disappearance of the sellers' market for British exports; and it looked as if the Government might soon be faced with the awkward problem of maintaining full employment in face of a sharp decline in external demand. Indeed the American recession, early in 1949, had such an adverse effect on the sterling area's dollar income that the pound had to be drastically devalued as a defensive measure. Since then the change in the entire situation has been due, not so much to devaluation, as to a decision by the United States to issue orders to the non-Soviet half of the world to get ready for the next war.

That is, of course, an over-simplification. It is also true that devaluation, by making British exports cheap, restored demand for them, and that economic recovery proceeded faster than had been expected in Western Europe, with favourable effects on the rest of the world, including the sterling area. But all these factors combined would not have brought about the recent dramatic change, nor have justified the suspension of Marshall Aid to Britain, had not the United States started, first, stock-piling furiously almost every sort of raw material, and then, as the Korean crisis developed, sounding the tocsin for mass rearmament in every country in which it could make its influence felt.

The stock-piling, which sent the world prices of raw materials rocketing, was in part a consequence of forecasts of intention to make intensive preparation for war, and partly a response to the rapid increase in American domestic consumption. It had sensational results because it supervened on a situation of rising U.S. civil demand and coincided with an increase in European demand accompanying recovery stimulated by Marshall Aid. But now that actual rearmament on the grand scale is being heaped on anticipatory stock-piling, world demand can be relied on greatly to outrun supply for almost every kind of material and semi-manufacture. This means that, outside the U.S., shortage of raw materials for the factories involves a threat of unemployment.

For Great Britain this threat is serious. Over the past year the prices of raw materials have been rising much faster than those of manufactured goods; and this rise in price, accompanying much bigger demand, accounts for the large accumulation of dollar reserves we now hold on behalf of the sterling area. For the main part of this gain has accrued to the primary-producing countries and not to the United Kingdom, which has profited much less than it might have done because British export prices have so far increased relatively little.

This discrepancy in the movement of the prices of imports and exports prompted the recent campaign for the revaluation of sterling, in order to make our exports dearer. It would, however, have been foolish to attempt to raise export prices in this way. Other countries would certainly have followed suit, as they did when we devalued; moreover, most of the newly accumulated dollars belong not to us but to other members of the sterling area, and a not inconsiderable fraction consists of mobile capital assets, which can be withdrawn as easily as they have been piled up. Quite soon, even if rearmament continues, and indeed partly as a result of it, we may need all the dollars we can lay our hands on—particularly because the Americans show no eagerness to foot the bill for the armaments they insist on our producing as a condition of their willingness to defend the European as well as the Asiatic front.

Thus, although the economic fears that were entertained a year or so ago are felt no longer, other fears and dangers have replaced them. For Great Britain, the prospect is one of increasing difficulties in procuring, at inflated prices, enough materials to keep our industries at work, and therewith a scramble for such materials between the armament makers, the exporters, and the providers for civilian consumption and home investment. Domestic prices, except for uncontrolled goods, have not yet shown anything approaching the full combined effects of devaluation and of the rises in the prices of materials; but already the mild wage concessions that are being made, as slowly as possible, to one group of workers after another are being swallowed up in rising costs of living, even before the new demand for armaments has begun to compete seriously with consumers' claims.

If we now rearm on the promised scale, with little American help either in actual supplies or in dollars, nothing can prevent a fall in living standards. There will not be enough goods to go round; and it will be possible to keep demand in line with supply only by restricting consumers' ability to buy. This will mean either letting prices rise, while continuing to hold wages down and taking more effective steps to restrict profit distributions, or raising taxation sharply at the expense of the incomes, not merely of the rich, but of those taxpayers who account for the bulk of the national purchasing power. No capital tax will achieve the required result, because what is required is a big cut in the main items of consumers' expenditure.

We believe that if the British public began to count the cost, or understood what is in store, it would insist on the Government's stating bluntly to the Americans that there is "nothing doing" unless effective steps are taken to secure a fair international apportionment of scarce materials at reasonable prices and to prevent Europe's economy from being wrecked by the power of the U.S. to outbid everybody else. It ought to be possible to make the Americans see that to ruin us economically is the sure way to make us weak militarily, and that they could make no more precious gift to the Comintern than a falling standard of life, directly due to the crusade against Communism, in the countries of the West.

Where Meat is King

SMITHONIAN in economics, feudalistic in agriculture, Victorian in social mores, patriarchally despotic in politics—that is Peron's Argentina in 1950, *Año del Libertador General San Martin*. Practically untouched by the harsh realities of the mid-twentieth century, Argentina—having successfully kept out of the fighting of two world wars, while following the economic motto of *enrichissez-vous, messieurs*—is the wonderland of the modern world. Like Alice, the observer painstakingly worms his way through a mass of contradictions—social, economic and political.

The essential factor is that this is a country far removed not merely in space but in time. Just as for a century or more there existed a socio-economic and political time-lag between the United States and Western Europe, so there is a time-lag—of decades in some respects, of almost centuries in others—between the vastness of what we loosely know as South America and the rest of the modern industrialised world. Agricultural conditions on the large *estancias* here often resemble those in Europe prior to 1789. Here the *peones* still live in mud-huts, tied to the landlord *de facto* if not *de jure*. Their staple diet consists of wheat and meat—a chunk of meat hanging from the branch of a tree; a sharp knife, which every child and adult carries, serves to cut a slice, to be munched at meal-times or in between.

To think of Peron in terms of European Fascism is to touch the form rather than the substance. There is, of course, no doubt that Peron has used the brutality of Fascism, just as he has adopted certain methods of bourgeois political organisation: but, lacking the economic base necessary for the establishment of Fascism, the analogies remain somewhat artificial.

Peron has fought mainly against (*a*) the semi-feudal landed oligarchy, and (*b*) foreign capitalist exploitation. Basing himself on the aspirations of a growing Argentine bourgeoisie, which wants Argentina for the Argentines, Peron has made political if not financial capital out of his struggle against foreign investments. The fact of entering the second World War at five minutes before V-Day made large-scale confiscation of German, then enemy-alien, property possible. While many of these transfers were said to have been staged merely to protect the financial interests of political sympathisers among those Nazis who sat on various Boards of Directors—and remained where they sat—the measures in themselves helped to inflate the country's ego and proved of tremendous psychological significance in the general struggle for economic independence. Argentina's railroads, British-owned since time immemorial, were bought back by the Peron Government in 1948 after lengthy negotiations, and at a high price. The telephone system,

until recently owned by I.T. & T., has become Government property. The hardest nut to crack, however, will be the American-owned *frigoríficos* which monopolise the meat-processing industry. For meat is king in Argentina. As one high-ranking diplomat stationed here expressed it recently: "Diplomacy in Buenos Aires means only one thing: Who buys the meat and how much?"

In contrast, however, to what most British housewives may believe when they buy their new, reduced ration, it is not so much the Peron Government as the Opposition which deprives them of their rations. Most foreign trade here goes through I.A.P.I. (*Instituto Argentino de Promoción de Intercambio*), the Government trading corporation. While Britain can only offer a certain price—which I.A.P.I. would be willing to accept—the Government itself cannot purchase meat at the price offered by the United Kingdom; for this is a country with a grandiose plan but without planning. The Government controls foreign trade but does not control the production on which all foreign trade depends.

Production, whether of meat or grain—Argentina's two most vital assets—is in the hands of a powerful landed oligarchy. This oligarchy stands in direct opposition to the Government—just as their feudal predecessors opposed a rising merchant class in Europe centuries ago; and the *Yanqui*-owned *frigoríficos*, to whom they sell their cattle, refuse to sell meat to I.A.P.I. at a price which would permit the Government to export to Great Britain. The Government, if it wished, could of course subsidise meat exports to Great Britain—a policy which has served as a basis for previous Anglo-Argentine trade agreements—or peg the export peso at a new "low" which would further increase inflation in a country where inflation already runs rampant. The real deadlock cannot be resolved between Downing Street and the *Casa Rosada* but must, sooner or later, be fought out on the pampas and in the offices of Armour, Wilson, and Swift. In the meantime, other countries, as desperate for meat as Great Britain, are beginning to replace England as a meat-buyer. They offer prices which are more to the taste of those who produce Argentine cattle.

Once it is understood that meat is king in Argentina, and meat-export the king-pin of Argentine diplomacy, it is simpler to understand Argentine foreign policy in general, and especially United States-Argentine relations. For, within the Southern part of the Western hemisphere which Washington regards as its own backyard—be it as a good neighbour or a bad one—Argentina occupies a unique position. Alone among the South American republics she has for many years followed a policy which has lain, at least partly, outside the orbit circumscribed by Washington's nylon curtain. Throughout the Roosevelt era, and especially during the war, Argentina, through economic collaboration with the enemy and through granting asylum to many a prominent Nazi, was the black sheep in the democratic camp. Since the end of the war, and with reaction and Russophobia rising in the U.S., the positions have been reversed.

Having gained admission to the United Nations as part of an overall settlement between Roosevelt and Stalin, Argentina has been one of the few Latin American countries which have not automatically echoed their master's voice. Often abstaining in crucial votes, and occasionally finding herself voting against the big brother from the North, Argentina has frequently been counted among the neutral bloc at Lake Success. The test came with the United Nations' intervention in Korea. When the U.N., at Washington's request, asked Member States for military aid, the Peron Government promptly promised such aid. Peace "riots" and peace parades followed in most of the big cities; the capital was plastered with posters demanding that the country be kept out of foreign wars. Peace and Argentine isolationism won the day; President Peron, sensitive to the mood of the masses, was forced to make a public speech declaring that not a single Argentine soldier would be sent to Korea.

Seen in economic terms, Argentina and the United States are not complementary economic units but rather economic rivals. Rich in agricultural and natural resources, Argentina, a johnny-come-lately, and as yet not fully industrialised, remains among Latin American countries the one which potentially and at some future date may most seriously compete with the colossus of the North. Under-industrialised like all colonial or semi-colonial territories, Argentine economy has traditionally been based on agricultural exports which were needed to finance the import of finished products. The United States Congress, at the bidding of the Texas cattle lobby, had long enacted legislation, among others the well-known foot-and-mouth-disease law, prohibiting the import of meat. Ostensibly to protect the health of American citizens, this law was in reality designed to protect the profits of the Big-Farm bloc. Thus Argentina was excluded from the North American market, as far as her prime product was concerned. With regard to grain, the position was similar: the United States, themselves a large-scale grain producer, offered no market for Argentine wheat. Thus the country was naturally forced to look elsewhere for markets.

So long as her economic interests clash with Washington's political manoeuvres, Argentina will refuse to be tied to Uncle Sam's apron strings. In the long run, this policy is in the country's own interest, for only independence from Washington, and from American big business, can give this country—and for that matter the entire South American continent—an opportunity to develop socially and economically in such a way as to afford political freedom and a higher standard of living for the vast majority of the population. As long as Latin America is dominated by foreign financial interests, democracy has no chance south of the border. Let no one forget that Peronism was not a *coup d'etat* against a democratic regime; it was a *coup d'etat* against a totally corrupt oligarchy. Real democracy has never existed in the Argentine Republic.

IAN ROSS

Buenos Aires, December.

London Diary

WEDNESDAY'S papers offered wonderful solace for those who, having heard no radio news-bulletins while the Press made holiday, found that the worst that had happened was the theft from Westminster Abbey of the block of sandstone upon which the savage princes of ancient Scotia used to cool their kilted bottoms on taking kingly office. The pity is that, if this act of sacrilege was to be perpetrated at all, it was not done the day before Christmas Eve, so that, as we made sadly merry, we could have exercised the starved anxiety-areas of our brains in escapist contemplation of border-scuttlings to be revived from past centuries, while rampant Scottish nationalists were toasting the thief as the author of a great act of retribution. By rights, I think, it should have been an Irish deed: this legendary Jacob's pillow is said to be the sacred stone of Ireland, whence it migrated to Scotland as a seat for St. Columba and a throne for Scottish Kings. I do not lightly say "sacrilege." I gather from legal friends that, when the thief is caught, sacrilege will indeed be the statutory charge against him under section 24 of the Larceny Act, 1916 (which allows suitable scope by providing, as a maximum, imprisonment for life).

And yet to one man, at least, the news brought no relief. "This," said the (Scottish) Dean of Westminster, "is the most devastating thing that could have happened." Making due allowance for the hyperbole of priestly anger, I was tempted to urge upon the Dean the sober reflection that, unless he can quickly convert all thieves, Scots, Sassenachs, and other Christians to Christianity, his table of comparative devastations may soon be out of date—even if the Egyptians pinch Cleopatra's Needle, the Greeks the Elgin Marbles, the Red Indians the remains of Pocahontas, and the Communists the coffin of Karl Marx.

* * *

One of the tests of social improvement used to be the nearer approach to economic equality. In this respect Britain, Scandinavia and Israel have all something to boast about since the war, while the very idea seems to be forgotten in the Soviet conception. In its early days revolution always means an initial levelling process; since then Russia has become the most rigidly inegalitarian of countries, with strictly defined wage divisions, the first category of officials having at least ten times as much pay as the lowest and, in every way, an unalterably different standard of living. It is the acceptance of inequality as a permanent thing defined by authority that has most shocked Socialists who have lived in Russia; they describe the experience of seeing people sitting down at the same table, some eating a hearty meal of several courses without ever dreaming of sharing their rations with a neighbour eating no more than soup and dry bread. With us a similar contrast is avoided through the restaurants of the rich not being shared by the poor. There is also the important difference that no one here is comparably poor with his Soviet counterpart and no decree fixes the distance between Dives and Lazarus. On

the contrary. Poverty, as even I remember it in my childhood or as one could still find it in a place like Merthyr Tydvil in the 'thirties, is now almost extinct. Take the town of St. Helens, which, according to the latest *Marketing Survey of the United Kingdom*, has now become the symbol of British poverty. At the other end of the scale stands Bournemouth (or Hove), symbolised by furs and Pekinese just as St. Helens is by clogs and shawls. The difference is still great, but the picture one gathers from the statistics to-day is not of "misery" in St. Helens: it is of a poor but not hungry society that has a surplus to spend on pools and tobacco and can take its annual holiday.

* * *

Take a few details of the comparison. Bournemouth with 140,000 people has a rateable value of two million pounds, which is four times that of St. Helens with 26,000 fewer inhabitants. St. Helens does much of its shopping in small general stores; it has 398 of them with rateable value of less than twenty pounds. Bournemouth lists no shops of this kind. Fried fish shops? St. Helens has 124, while Bournemouth makes do with 27. As to occupations, St. Helens is, as near as maybe, a "company town" with 18,000 at work in the glass factories and five thousand miners travelling to nearby pits. Bournemouth, on the other hand, is a "service" town; it is stocked with hotels and restaurants and launderies and nice shops, with a sprinkling of small manufacture thrown in. Religion also tells a tale; the working class of St. Helens is largely Irish in origin and needs (or at least gets) 80 Catholic priests in contrast to the socially starched Bournemouth with six priests, 107 Anglican clerics and six times as many telephones as St. Helens. It will be seen that full employment, levelling taxation, social services and "fair shares" have greatly mitigated, but not at all ironed out, the contrast between the Two Nations within England. Pre-war trends still continue beneath the surface. Catering is still the fastest growing industry in spite of our emphasis on production, while the distributive, clothing, textile, food, drink and tobacco trades have taken on 600,000 more workers since the war. In short, the Labour Government has successfully alleviated the suffering involved in the decay of industrial capitalism, as we knew it before the war. But the same trends continue and the ladder that most people still hope to climb starts, as it used to do, at St. Helens (or Merthyr) and ends in Branscombe Down or Hove. We shall pay Danegeld to bourgeois England for many a year.

* * *

James Stephens is certain of his place in the histories of literature under Poets of the Irish Renaissance—and I hope that they'll quote some of his poetical curses. But the students of the future who solemnly read of debts and influences and Stephens' poetic style, won't have the same person in mind that I have. I remember a lecture of the English Association, years and years ago. A university classroom, a smell of gas and an audience rather solemn and dutiful. Then in burst the lecturer, who was James Stephens. Heaven knows what the subject was supposed to be: in a couple of minutes we'd been lifted away from the hard benches and the leaky gas-tap to a green Irish glen, or a damp Irish bog, or wherever it was that the primitive Irish storyteller held his audience. We listened, with now and then a gust of undutiful, liberating laughter, to one of the most practised of this tribe displaying his art to perfection. It's the same storyteller's gift, plus Stephens' knack of being entirely at home on several different planes of reality, that makes *The Crock of Gold* one of the very best of modern fairy tales.

* * *

A desert island is not so romantic as a big town with no people in it. I learnt that one day in the summer of 1918 wandering about in the empty city of Amiens. In the event, evacuation proved unnecessary: only a few shells had fallen and the Germans had been halted. The town was intact exactly as it would have been if one day, by some strange plague, everyone had died in the same minute. The flowers and the fruit were ready for picking in the gardens; one could see the tables spread for long-forgot meals. Goldilocks could have gone round testing the beds and the chairs and the plates with no fear of being disturbed, except perhaps by military police on routine patrol. To-day the nearest approach to the magic world of a not ruined and yet deserted city, with all the paraphernalia of civilised life, is to be got by walking through the byways of London, especially of the City, on a bank holiday. Best of all is early Christmas morning when there isn't even a newspaper to buy—unless you are foolish enough to seek out one of those pavement salesmen who offer you old copies of comics and the chance to study form in preparation for races already run.

* * *

A happily leisured man can wholly escape if he is resolved upon idleness. No one will interrupt your fairy story if you cross Hungerford Bridge, for instance, before mother says to the young man and his girl: "It's after eleven already and we've not cleared away breakfast. For goodness' sake clear out and get a bit of air or I'll never get the bread sauce done and you'll never have any appetite for your Christmas dinner." Over the bridge you can slip into the Festival ground and see it in your mind's eye painted, lit and peopled with jostling crowds of holiday-makers. On close inspection the Dome of Discovery is certainly going to be an enchanting affair, unless they clutter it with booths and spoil its superb effect by furniture that interrupts the ethereal lines of its floating roof and latticed struts. Too little seems to have been said so far in praise of Mr. Ralph Tubbs who designed it; but I suspect that his immortality is secure because I've already heard people call his vast dome "Ralph's tub." If the weather is good the whole site will be sheer enchantment with a view that Londoners have never seen from the new embankment. Crossing back over the bridge I caught one of those too rare moments of sunlight which momentarily transforms London from the ugliest into one of the loveliest capitals in the world. Even the prosaic functional buildings on the North bank that took the place of the once elegant Adelphi were transfigured. There was no traffic on the river: the gulls dived and screamed over the water and, majestically, in strict formation, there swam upstream with the tide twelve swans, the incarnation of ancient kings who knew that for one day at least no belching intruders would usurp their ancestral domain.

CRITIC

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES!

Now midnight chimes ring in the festive year,
With joyful words of welcome far and near,
We make our resolution,
In every contribution
To add our mite of seasonable cheer!

Sing hey! sing ho! with derry-down-derry!
We'll now be merry as never before!
Hey nonny nonny, be blithe and bonny!
Hey nonny, ladies! Sigh no more!

We undertake in nineteen-fifty-one,
Despondency will not be overdone,
A festival experiment
In editorial merriment
The prophecy will brighten with the pun!

The silver lining to the cloud we'll seek,
And find, at any rate, a silver streak;
And leaving lamentations
To Tory publications,
Produce a Sunshine Number every week.

Though plain unvarnished facts we will provide,
Our optimistic trend we will not hide:
New Statesman New Year leaders
Will now to constant readers
Unflinchingly reveal the brighter side!

Our sprightly jests and captivating style
Our melancholy readers will beguile,
So ladies, be not tearful
Now we are bright and cheerful,
O ladies, sigh no more, but prythee smile!

Sing hey! sing ho! with derry-down-derry
We'll make you merry as never before!
Hey nonny nonny, be blithe and bonny!
Hey nonny, ladies! Sigh no more!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

War in Korea and the rearmament programme have already affected timber prices and this will mean that Ice Lollie Sticks and Ice Cream Spoons will cost more.—*Confectionery Journal*, Vere French.)

Dancing and Licence until 2.30 a.m.—Extract from Arts Theatre Club Christmas circular. (G. Brian Stapleton.)

An oil painting considered by judges to be too gruesome to hang in the dining room of the judge's lodgings at Lincoln is to go to the Civil Defence staff college in Berkshire.—*Sunday Chronicle*, Dec. 17, 1950. (Elisabeth Lewis.)

As the race entered its most testing stage, the last five miles, Holden was battling away in the lead. Only runner with him was Vanin, the Russian world record holder.

He looked at Vanin and said to himself: "This is King George versus Joe Stalin—you simply can't let King George down." And he didn't.—*News Chronicle*. (A. W. Morledge-Hadfield.)

Nepal

(From a Correspondent in India)

NEPAL is a small enclosed kingdom which occupies 520 miles of the Himalayan frontier between India and Tibet. Its five and a half million people inhabit 56,000 square miles of mountainous land, most of which is uncultivable. Other resources, which recently visiting scientists have described as considerable and which may include strategically valuable materials, have been deliberately kept unexploited. Thus poverty has always forced a large percentage of the men of Nepal to seek employment abroad as mercenary soldiers. Britain has traditionally used these Gurkha soldiers in her army, and when India became independent fears—which proved unfounded—were expressed in London that the supply might be cut off. India also employs a smaller number of Gurkhas in her own army, and the Nepalese forces provide jobs for 45,000 men.

Contact between Nepal and the outside world began in 1801 by a treaty with the East India Company; and in 1850 the first Prime Minister paid a visit to London. Relations have ever since remained cordial. At that time the King of Nepal surrendered his powers to his Prime Minister, the head of the Rana family, and this position has remained the hereditary sinecure of the Ranas ever since. The Ranas affect last century's European military uniforms; they still appear at public functions wearing Kaiser Wilhelm moustaches topped off with jewelled helmets and paradise plumes. All front-line members of the Rana family are nominated Major General at birth; the rest are usually colonels.

The Rana family owns about three-quarters of the cultivable land, and takes about half the State revenue for its personal expenses. They might have done even better if they had allowed Nepal's resources to be developed, but they have refused all offers of foreign capital or demands for business concessions—with the exception, it is rumoured in Delhi, of Imperial Chemical Industries. The poverty of Nepal follows the traditional pattern of Asia, but there is hope for the future following the public statement by the United States Ambassador in Delhi that Nepal undoubtedly qualifies for aid under President Truman's Point Four Programme for backward countries.

Under British rule in India, Nepal's "independence" was respected, but the country was carefully screened from the outside world and had no external relations. Nepal remained unstirred by social changes, even by India's struggle for independence. Sporadic revolts against the Ranas were efficiently suppressed. Only in recent years has a coherent, continuous rebel movement managed to survive. The Nepal Congress, as it is called, has had no connection with the Indian National Congress or any other political party in India. To-day it is led by Bisheshwar Prasad Koirala. It is financed mainly by exiled members of the Rana family, and it has had the rather ineffective support of the King. This young man has been, since his accession, more or less a prisoner in Nepal, and is now a self-made refugee in India.

The recent revolt, still in progress, is being led by Major General Subarna Shamsherjung Bahadur Rana, exiled from Nepal in 1948 with his brother, the then Prime Minister. The external organiser and financial backer is Major General Maharvir Shamsherjung Bahadur Rana, another family exile and now a big business executive in India. He bought arms, recruited Nepalis in Calcutta, raised a force of 4,000 demobilised Gurkhas near the frontier ready to march into Nepal, and finally came to Delhi to enlist the support of the leaders of the Indian Congress Government. The Indian Congress, not disposed to be bought, expressed doubts about the bona fides of the Nepal Congress leaders as champions of democracy, and about the rebellion as a popular uprising. The Indian Government does not accept the over-simplified version of the troubles in Nepal, as a Communist-inspired manoeuvre to synchronise with the entry of Chinese Communist forces into Tibet. Neither does it regard Nepal's troubles as mere palace politics. It also rejects the suggestion that Nepal is of strategic interest and therefore that the revolt must be suppressed at all costs in the name of Asiatic security.

Pandit Nehru's declared method is to examine each situation as it arises, on its own merits. A Government spokesman said: "We respect Nepal's independence, we supported her candidature to the United Nations, but we would be glad to see a modernisation of the regime. In these days, the idea that a child of three can be arbitrarily made Head of a State is preposterous." Critics of the Delhi Government's handling of the Nepal affair are led by the Indian Socialist Party, which, for the past year, has been actively campaigning for the Congress Government to go to the aid of the people of Nepal. The Socialists insist that the situation as yet contains no Communist element, but that, if the Nepalese rebels are repulsed by the Indian Congress Government, they may well seek aid elsewhere. Non-Socialist critics of the Government agree on this point and urge it to take charge of the Nepalese revolt and make it into a popular movement, if it is not one already.

At the moment Nepal seems disposed to negotiate, and her Foreign Minister and Commander-in-Chief have come to Delhi. First conversations give the impression that Nepal may merely think it advisable to go through the ceremonies of negotiation. Nepal's independence in fact depends entirely upon Indian goodwill, but certain foreign Powers have been flirting with the Rana regime, giving it an exaggerated estimate of its powers. The Indian Congress Government finds itself in a delicate situation. If it demands reforms or, as many of its supporters demand, goes to the aid of the rebels, it will find itself accused, probably at Lake Success, of interference in the domestic affairs of an independent State and even perhaps of "territorial ambitions."

Nepal's independence can, of course, only exist on Indian goodwill. In the talks which have just ended in Delhi, the Indians made it plain that such goodwill was more likely to flourish with a reformed regime in Nepal. Mr. Nehru told Parliament last week that he had made three proposals: that a Constituent Assembly, properly elected, should be convened to draw up a Constitution; that pending a meeting of the Assembly an interim Government functioning as a Cabinet should be formed; and that King Tribhuvana (still in Delhi) should continue in office, though during any absence he might appoint a Regent. Meanwhile Mr. Nehru said that India would continue to recognise him. A reply to these proposals has now arrived in Delhi, and it is reported that the Rana Government may be willing to consider reforms, but that it still wishes to maintain the façade of a baby King.

Whilst Indian political leaders have been giving such words of elder-brotherly advice, the Nepalese Premier still basks in the sunshine of American flattery. The American Ambassador to India is also U.S. plenipotentiary in Nepal, and silence is not his strong point. Further, His Majesty's Government has also taken a hand; its envoy, Sir Esler Dening, by a happy coincidence, was taking stock of affairs in Asia and made a trip to Katmandu, after talks in New Delhi. Experience in other parts of Asia should be a warning to the British Government of the disastrous results which follow from Britain's failure to respect the foresight of our most important ally in Asia. India's interests in an enlightened Nepalese regime are ours too.

After Borstal

LOOKING back over its fifty years, the Borstal experiment could justly claim to be succeeding. Instead, it claims at the most to be showing that success is possible. It is not good enough, of course, that a quarter of its trainees come out and commit two or more fresh offences (or rather, get caught committing them); but a fifth of them are found to commit only one, and more than half are not re-convicted at all. To anyone who has visited Borstal Institutions, and knows from typical case-histories the kind of offender to be found there, this last figure is nearly incredible. No one in authority is satisfied with it, least of all the Prison Commissioners (who, in their 1950 Report, call it "unrewarding"); but all concerned are entitled to draw from it at least the modest encouragement they need as an incentive to a task that ought to be heartbreaking.

Heartbreaking? Visiting a number of Borstals recently, I decided that I had never seen a less heartbroken body of men and women than their Governors, housemasters, and technical staff. Their common denominator is a total dedication to their job, which thrives on its difficulties and never disowns hope in the individual. Their work is appraised and its conditions criticised in a remarkably well-informed pamphlet recently issued by the Howard League for Penal Reform,* one very salutary effect of which is to direct urgent attention to the supreme problem of "after-care."

Discharge from a Borstal Institution is only

* *Borstal—A Critical Survey.* By Winifred A. Elkin and Rev. D. B. Kittermaster. Howard League, Parliament Mansions, S.W.1. 2s. 6d.

an incident in Borstal treatment, which goes on for a year after the end of the specified sentence. The maximum training "sentence" is now three years, but in operation it is "indeterminate," and I have not heard of a case in which those three years were spent "inside." The average is about eighteen months, the rest of the three-year period (plus, in any case, the twelve months' parole being spent at liberty "under supervision." This parole system carries conditions: to be punctual and regular at work, to seek permission when changing address, to avoid association with bad characters, to lead a "sober and industrious life." Lapses may lead to the offender's recall and a further period of training of a more rigorous kind at a "Recall Centre" (Portsmouth for boys, Exeter for girls); unless the lapse takes the form of a fresh crime, in which case the Court will sometimes substitute a prison sentence, knowing that the Commissioners may still recall the offender to Borstal.

It was recognised from the start that it would be optimistic, in the case of anyone resuming the exposed life of freedom after eighteen months of disciplined, routine behaviour in a prison building or a hutted camp, to expect no further trouble. In the case of Borstal boys and girls, returning to the milieu from which most of them come, the expectation would be fatuous. So there has always been supervision, and until the early part of the recent war it was done by a Borstal Association, composed partly of unofficial volunteers and partly of probation officers, who locally assumed personal responsibility for "supervisees," aiding and befriending them and reporting to the Association on their behaviour. As this work grew, the need for auxiliaries led to the formation of local "Borstal Voluntary Committees," comprising representatives from organisations like "Toc H," the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, Rotary Clubs, and various women's movements. But many of these, in their own frank estimation, did little more than satisfy the committee-loving instinct of the socially-minded, ratifying at regular meetings the work of probation officers and others that would have been done whether the Committees existed or not. Few of them survived the war. And since 1948, when the whole question of after-care for ex-prisoners and Borstal trainees was made the concern of a Central After-Care Association, their revival went by default.

To-day, most of the 700 probation officers are "Borstal Associates," together with a few of the original voluntary workers whose enthusiasm and availability survived the war. But the new arrangement may be most aptly described as an extension of probation, which has usually preceded a Borstal sentence, to the post-Borstal period. There was some alarm among probation officers as to the effect of adding Borstal trainees to their official "case-load" (though they had been doing after-care work voluntarily for many years), and their anxiety seemed amply justified by the certainty that Borstal sentences, owing to a broadening of the conditions of eligibility, will become more and more frequent. Already there are seventeen Borstal Institutions with a total average population of 3,375 boys and girls, and an average of 4,000 "under supervision" at any one time. But it has now been arranged that Borstal "supervisees" shall be reckoned as part of the probation officer's official "case-load."

Borstal has its own case-load of critics, and some of them now maintain that the probation officer is not the man to supervise those on parole. Young men and women fresh from Borstal, they say, may regard him askance as the person who got them the sentence; and whether they so regard him or not, their regular attendance at the probation office to "report" must bring them into contact with other delinquents, whose company they have undertaken to avoid. I know one Chief Constable who asserts that fresh crimes are hatched in the waiting rooms at probation offices; but I know, too, that he bases the assertion on one doubtful instance, and the solution, perhaps, is less office-work and more visiting. Nor does it seem substantially true that a Borstal sentence destroys the probation officer's influence. The truth is that no other social worker has the probation officer's knowledge of rehabilitation problems or his contacts with Ministry of Labour and Assistance Board officials, and social services; and from the very day of the Borstal sentence, he is in constant touch with the trainee himself, his home and friends and possible employers.

Re-employment is as serious a problem for all ex-Borstal boys and girls as for adult ex-prisoners. Everyone engaged in after-care work knows that one more lapse into crime may often be expected; and it is the herculean task of the "Borstal Associates," as it has always been of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, to persuade employers that they will be right in exposing their businesses to that risk. "If only they would chance it," one Borstal Governor told me, "and then give the boy one further chance after whatever fuss they like to make, they would see the regenerating power of unexpected tolerance and forgiveness. Nothing we or the probation people can do is to be compared with it. But I suppose it's too much to ask." As a matter of fact, it isn't: some employers have done it, with success. I know a master-builder who did it twelve years ago, and the youth whose betrayal of confidence he then condoned is still with him (after a five years' war-service interval) and about to be made a partner.

The greatest of difficulties seems to beset the Borstal training of those whose aptitude, experience, or health fit them only for sedentary work. Tailoring, cobbling, and cookery are the nearest approaches to "black-coated" occupations within the training curricula. It might be difficult to teach salesmanship in Borstal (where the instructor could even find himself outclassed), but a commercial training course might yield better results than even the skilfully devised Ministry of Labour syllabuses for the manual trades that predominate. These have the effect, as Miss Elkin points out in the Howard League pamphlet, of sending out boys who feel that they are well on the way to being skilled tradesmen, but who often find that trade union regulations, or their narrow application by die-hard officials, block their entry to the trades they have half-learned; a situation that is not improved when the training has been foreign to their natural bent. As to this, Borstals are now doing valuable and sensible work in vocational guidance on lines proposed before the war by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology.

The feeling is now gaining ground that hundreds of voluntary helpers will be needed to augment the work of the probation officers, but that the right kind will not be stirred to action by official appeals. The Borstal Associates (as we shall presumably go on calling them), with their local knowledge of personalities, could better find their own men, stressing the capacity for friendship rather than "supervision." And the friendship should consist, not in the willingness to "sub" future wages on the strength of hard-luck stories or the occasional dining-and-wining of boys from wretched homes, but in the seemingly effortless, dependable certainty of wise counsel, community of outlook (a social problem in itself), and acceptable example—continuing far beyond the four years contemplated by the Statute. The future of Borstal after-care lies in the building-up of such teams of men and women in every town and village; and the probation officers, it seems to me, are the people to find them.

C. H. ROLPH

Spanish Journey

V.—THE OPPOSITION

"IT were a bitter thing," declared Don Quixote three and a half centuries ago, "to make slaves of those whom God and nature have made free." Nobody who has mingled with Spaniards can have much doubt that the noble lord was speaking for his people, or can think that one more repression, bad as Franco's was and is, has snuffed out this sentiment. There is the cruel and twisted story of the civil war to prove how deep it went; and in the years afterward, to confirm it, the unbending courage of the men and women in the gaols—a matter much known in Spain, but little spoken of—and the faces firm in dignity, in Spanish gravity, before the firing squads.

And to-day? Although the armed resistance is now, at least for the time being, at an end, and the prison population is slowly dwindling, there is in Spain, as someone put it to me, "no reconciliation." Superficially, and perhaps rather more than that, the dictatorship has blunted itself upon the stubbornness of the people, and to-day, in one well-qualified judgment that I heard, it is only against the Communist Party that the massive apparatus of the police is seriously turned. While the smallest opposition in print is jumped on with severity—and the newspapers are "instructed" by the censorship even down to the actual headlines they shall use—there is much tolerance of spoken criticism. People who are reasonably well-dressed—an immensely important qualification in this country of brutal class warfare—feel quite safe in denouncing the regime *urbi et orbi* over their restaurant tables and even in the offices of Ministries. Few people of that kind minded talking openly to this correspondent. The nervous tension of the police State is to a large extent beneath the surface; and I saw the hunted look, unhappily familiar from other years and other

countries, only once, when talking in a café to a Socialist leader of Madrid.

Yet although the Spanish character, the fall of his fellow-dictators, and the wish to make himself a little more easily acceptable to Washington and London, have caused Franco to reduce the outward and visible signs of the iron hand, nevertheless there is not the remotest hint of any genuine reconciliation. Ideologically, the regime cuts no ice at all (though alliance with the Church goes far to make up for this), and even among university students—much "worked upon"—there appears to be no disposition to regard the Falange as more than a vehicle for extracting individual privilege. The dictatorship is widely hated and despised; and its popularity, even among the *bien pensant* bourgeoisie and those who most shudder when they remember the Republic, is insignificant to-day. Yet it would be quite wrong to conclude from this, I think, that there is now an immediate prospect of political change (still less of revolutionary upheaval), or that the two sides are therefore lusting to get at each other's throats again. Remarkable though it may seem in view of all the circumstances, there is little revolutionary temper in Spain: there is overwhelming weariness. The view that summary removal of Franco would lead to chaos, anarchy, and revolution appears to be little more than a fiction of those who have an interest that such a view should gain currency abroad.

The difficulty of knowing what the alternative to Franco would be is the difficulty of knowing what the organisation of the democratic parties is really worth. If the opinion of the Ministry of the Interior is any guide, the Communist Party is both active and expanding underground. Right at the other end of the scale, where the word "democratic" does not really apply in any sense, the monarchists have stirred up a great deal of dust. The Duchess of Valencia and some of her adherents have tasted prison, and the notion of a constitutional monarchy (but with safeguards!) probably gains the support of an increasing section of the middle class. Between these two extremes there are to be found—and not with much difficulty—the remnants of the Socialist and other Republican parties. These, without a doubt, retain the skeleton of their old organisations; and the Socialists, quite certainly, are working steadily to build their party again. I had many meetings with Socialists in Spain, and can testify that their morale and sense of purpose, though severely shaken by the last few years and above all by the loss of all their old leaders (whether in exile, in prison, or in death), have not disappeared.

The loss of democratic leadership is probably Franco's strongest card. The Socialists, for their part, are acutely weakened by the circumstances of their party in exile, by the time-wasting and money-wasting jealousies of their old leaders, and by the apparent indifference and apathy of the Government-in-exile. The Socialists in exile were often accused, in my hearing, of failing to act and failing even to care; and I was even asked at one point if I could explain the differences which existed between Prieto and del Vayo and Negrin. They are next weakened by their bitter sense of being betrayed by their comrade parties abroad, and above all by the Labour Party: almost the first question I was asked by Socialists in Madrid was why the Labour Government in London gave its tacit support to the dictatorship.

In summing up these necessarily fragmentary impressions, a few points seem to stand out clearly. There is wide agreement in Spain that there came a moment, after the end of the world war, when the Great Powers by united pressure could easily and painlessly have removed Franco and either recalled the Monarchy or even the Republic. That they did not do this is thought by the democratic opposition to be mainly the fault of the British Government, since the Labour Party, they say, was infinitely stronger than the French Socialist Party and could have persuaded the Americans to go along with them in pressure against Franco. There is also a fairly general agreement that Franco could still be removed by the united pressure of the Powers, although it is recognised that five years of severe repression since 1945 has made this removal less easy. (Against this, however, may be set the indubitable fact that the regime is now involved in an economic crisis from which dollars and sterling, and nothing else, are now saving it.) It stands out with equal clarity that the view that foreign influence upon the domestic affairs of Spain would be massively resented by a proud people, and would make an alternative regime more difficult to install, does not bear serious examination. One hears the "too proud to take advice" argument uniquely from paunchy gentlemen whose income and "arrangements" will allow them to eat in the restaurants along the Gran Via, and who, between belches, will tell you that any foreign influence on Spain can only make matters worse. What they mean, of course, is any *different* foreign influence from that which is at present exerted, if passively, in favour of the dictatorship.

Finally, it is clear that the bottomless depths of the economic crisis of Franco's Spain is beginning to unsettle even the non-Republican middle class. A small thing occurred in October which is significant of this. The Government had authorised an engineering school run by the Jesuits, but not recognised as of university standard, to class its graduates on the same level as the recognised technical academies. The students of these recognised academies—mostly from well-to-do homes—thereupon declared a strike; and this strike they maintained, in the face of the threat of financial and other reprisals by the Government, for no less than ten days. It is the first protest of its kind that has occurred; although the strike failed of its object, the Government followed it with no reprisals. Another straw in the wind was the fact that the much-trumpeted "Spanish triumph" in seeing the U.N. decision on the withdrawal of ambassadors reversed—which came while I was in Madrid—caused no improvement upon the Stock Exchange. Such uneasiness of course, will be much deflated by the new American credits.

Lastly—and it is the point which, coming out of Spain, one feels it most painfully necessary to labour—the people here who know that a change of regime is entirely necessary and urgent, if the country is not to be engulfed in steeper waves of misery, look anxiously for help from abroad. They include Republicans of every kind; they include many who are not Republicans. Their sense of urgency rests upon the conviction that no amount of foreign help to *this* regime can do anything but rivet the dictatorship more firmly upon their necks. Loans and credits may give the dictatorship a breathing-space, may afford the moneyed interest a little more elbow room and raise its profits higher still; they will not, and they cannot, make any substantial difference to the standard of living—moral or material—of the masses of the people. And that standard of living, year by year under Franco's dictatorship, approaches in every sense nearer to starvation.

Bilbao, November. BASIL DAVIDSON

Formula for Success

FOR more than twenty years, magazine publishers have been wondering exactly what there is in the *Reader's Digest* to interest the more than 11,000,000 monthly readers who buy its American, Australian, British, Canadian, Danish, Finnish, French, French Canadian, German, Italian, Japanese, Norwegian, Portuguese, Spanish and Swedish editions—as well as its Braille and Talking Record copies for the blind. Safely established as a major American institution, the *Reader's Digest* is well on its way to becoming a world monopoly. Read in the schools, quoted in churches, cited in Congress, stocked in hospitals, libraries and homes, the *Digest* has come to be regarded by its faithful followers as the final authority on subjects ranging from automobile engines to medical treatments, from love and religion to political problems and military strategy, from happy marriage to fiscal justice. Indeed a single issue of the *Reader's Digest* is likely to carry articles covering many of these subjects, and, month after month, the series repeats itself, with minor alterations or substitutions. The subject may be cancer cure instead of a remedy for arthritis, or tractor motors instead of hydraulic pumps, but the same simple optimism and dogmatic certainty will continue to permeate the "articles of lasting interest and enduring significance," whatever they concern.

When the "little magazine" was created in 1922 by an unsuccessful printing salesman, DeWitt Wallace, the original idea was to reprint articles—in greatly reduced form—from other magazines. While hospitalised by a wound during World War I, Wallace got the idea that there was too much wordage in literature. He found he could cut the average magazine piece down to about one-quarter of its original length and still retain the sense of the article. As he once said: "We're living in a fast-moving world. People are anxious to get at the nub of matters." At first there was little objec-

tion from successful magazine publishers to having their articles "digested" down to the nub. But as the popularity of the *Reader's Digest* grew during the 'twenties, the publication world began to view the little magazine with some doubts.

Realizing that hostility on the part of other magazines might eventually prove disastrous, Wallace made two important moves in the early 'thirties. First, he arranged contracts with the big American magazines and agreed to pay them an annual sum for the privilege of reprinting some twenty articles per year, with further payment for additional pieces used. The sums today vary according to the quality and importance of the publication, starting at about $3,500 for smaller magazines and going as high as $50,000 for periodicals of prominence. In addition, Wallace rewards writers whose work has been chosen with bonuses amounting to several hundred dollars.

Wallace's second move was to appoint several editors—many of them men without any journalistic or publishing experience—and set them to work preparing and writing articles. This tactic was designed to safeguard the *Digest* against the possibility of a full-scale rebellion by magazine publishers and a drying up of the sources of reprintable material. Thanks to this tactic, the *Digest* grew into that nebulous something it is today, rather than the reprint vehicle it purported to be. Feeling his own strength as a publisher, Wallace wished, naturally, to satisfy his own creative and evangelical urge. First, he commissioned his editors to write articles for direct publication in the *Reader's Digest*. Secondly, he inaugurated a system of "planting" articles: he gave prepared pieces free of charge to other magazines and then reprinted condensations of the same articles in the *Digest*. A statistician who made a study of the origin of *Reader's Digest* articles during the years 1944 and 1945 found that approximately three out of five pieces originated in the little magazine's own editorial rooms.

Like many another American publication, the *Reader's Digest* is moulded in the cast of its editor. It is constructed, as one thoughtful critic said, "on complete and bewildering good-will." Wallace and his wife, and many of the *Digest's* staff, come from strict Protestant backgrounds, and a good number of them are themselves ordained ministers. The preaching atmosphere of the *Reader's Digest* is evident and not unintentional—as witness the campaigns against smoking, against careless driving, against dishonest radio-repair men, against Communism and "self-styled liberals," and in favour of all the simple, conservative, middle-class virtues repeatedly referred to as "Americanism."

In the November issue of the *Digest*, a White trustee of Hampton Institute, a school for Negroes, writes of a young Negro whose grandmother's great-grandfather was brought to the American colonies as a slave. "It was most fortunate for me that my ancestor was brought to America," the Negro student is quoted as saying, "because I was able to go to Hampton Institute to gain the kind of education which enables me to serve as a useful American citizen and to help give others of my race the same opportunity."

As a drug, the *Reader's Digest* is easy to take. No expensive syringes, delicate needles and only few after-effects. This has been made possible by its taking the "simplistic" approach in its articles. Complications lead to difficulties in comprehension, to the danger of pessimistic or, at least, unhappy views. The *Digest* avoids complexity. This method of one-syllable ideas in short sentences serves equally well for technical, moral, economic and political problems.

The certainty with which the *Digest* treats each subject is, of course, another form of its efforts to avoid complication. In these attempts to be simple, the little magazine often allows accuracy and good judgement to become subordinate to its purpose. Even in the tricky medical field, the *Digest* will not hesitate to praise a drug still in the laboratory stage as the "new cure that will mean good news to thousands now in pain." After writing of a "ten-hour cure for syphilis," the *Digest* was reprimanded by doctors—in their own medical journal—for popularizing "a treatment which is strictly experimental." Said the physicians: "It is too bad that no censorship exists to compel conservative accuracy from medical sensationalists." With the same kind of naive dogmatism and certainty, Constantine W. Boldyreff, a former White Russian officer and now professor of Russian at the School of Foreign Service at Georgetown University, Washington, D.C.—where American career diplomats are trained—writes in the November *Digest* of a plan to avoid World War III. Intimately acquainted with the "smouldering opposition of the Russian people against their oppressors in the Kremlin," Boldyreff advocates an American-fostered revolution within the Soviet Union. "Once the opposition in Russia gets rolling," he states, "it can never be stopped."

There was a time when the *Reader's Digest* claimed to be a non-political "cross-section" of America's magazine literature. During the Roosevelt Administration, when the *Digest* was expanding cautiously, there was a definite desire to claim impartiality, while not always practising it. Today, however, with nothing in America more respectable than a strong belief in rugged free enterprise, restrictions on labour and all-out anti-Communism, the *Reader's Digest* has safely been able to drop the pose of two-sidedness it once wore. In its November issue, different articles state flatly that "the encroachment of Government in private industry must be stopped;" that the House Committee on Un-American Activities "remains today the one successful enterprise in exposing Stalin's agents, spies and dupes in our midst;" that "the Spanish troops are violently anti-Communist and would be utterly reliable on the German front against Russia;" that we must "rededicate ourselves to the crusade for freedom which has been America's historic mission . . . to mobilize fully and organise effectively the moral, material and military resources of ourselves and of all free peoples under imaginative, courageous, and inspiring leadership." Senator Robert Taft tops off the issue's editorial content with an article calling the Truman Administration a "moral vacuum," criticising labour for employing "Communist techniques," and pleading for "a revival which will restore to our people a confidence in the integrity of Government and in the principles of their leaders."

As its editors well know, the *Reader's Digest* has become a force in the world. Its Spanish-language edition, with a circulation approaching 1,000,000, is the largest Spanish-language magazine in the world. The Portuguese, Finnish, Swedish and Danish editions are the largest-selling periodicals in those languages. In Buenos Aires, Chicago and Helsinki, the *Reader's Digest* is as standardised as a package of Lucky Strike cigarettes—which is probably editor Wallace's idea of success.

STANLEY KARNOW

So They Say . . .

THE fact that Christmas week was also the week in which Europe took what the *Sunday Times* diplomatic correspondent called "the most important decisions . . . since the end of the war," faced the popular press with a hard choice. In the end, most of them found ways of diverting attention from decisions which would have been, if baldly stated, most unpalatable fare for Christmas.

The decision at Brussels to re-create a German army was subordinated to Eisenhower's appointment. The *Daily Herald* chattily headlined its story: IKE STARTS WORK NEXT MONTH, and the *News Chronicle* did not even mention Germany until the end of its main story—on Eisenhower.

The *Daily Graphic* reported that "now experts will meet urgently" to arrange German participation, and a headline in the *Daily Mail* (which delicately announced GERMAN UNIT PLAN AGREED) read: U.S. DEMANDS SPEED-UP. The *Daily Mirror*, however, quoted "French diplomats" as saying that "America now agrees with France that the West should go slow in rearming Western Germany."

Exceptionally, the *Daily Worker* served the Christmas dish with *sauce vinaigre*. Under the headline NAZIS TO GET ARMS AGAIN, it began its editorial: "The British soldiers, sailors, and airmen who lost their lives in the war against Fascism made vain sacrifices . . ." Other editorial comment was more complacent. The *Daily Mail* spoke of "measures which should have been taken four years ago." The *Daily Graphic* commended the Foreign Ministers for "calling the Russian bluff on German rearma-

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ment." *The Times* avoided the subject, to print a eulogy of Eisenhower. But the *Daily Express*, in a long, worried editorial, doubted the wisdom of arming the Germans and thus provoking the Russians. It pointed out that "History as well as common sense is on the side of the French."

The following day came news that Germany was to have her own air force and armoured units again. "This item is the most significant of all," declared the *Daily Mail* in an editorial beside a front page banner headline: GERMANY GETS HER CHANCE—ATLANTIC 12 OFFER AIR FORCE, TANKS, GUNS. The *Mail* considered these decisions "tremendous gains for the cause of freedom in the cold war," but the *Daily Graphic* and the *Daily Herald* did not even consider them worth reporting. The *Herald* did, however, have an editorial praising Eisenhower, as did the *Daily Express*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Daily Graphic* and the *Manchester Guardian*.

Such was the assiduity of editorial and feature writers, in fact, that, by Christmas Eve, Eisenhower's face had beamed out of practically every paper in Britain like a benevolent American Santa Claus. Only the *Daily Worker*, with its headline NAZI AIR FORCE COMES BACK and its all too reminiscent picture of bombed London, and the *News Chronicle*, with the reactions of the world's capitals to the Brussels decisions, reflected any apprehension at what Santa Eisenhower might be handing out by next Christmas.

The Stone of Scone

Manchester Guardian, December 27:

> . . . nothing could be more inspiring to a martial race than the recovery of a lost possession from the Scots. Mr. MacBride will soon be leading a swarm of coracles across the North Channel. . . . They might advertise their possession . . . and so provoke Franco, in whose realm it once rested. . . . And then there is Egypt . . . the Greeks . . . Israel . . . Islam might also have some concern. . . .

The Times, December 27:

> This stone, now soiled by the hand of thieves. . .

AUTOLYCUS

The False Etruscan

I HAVE found my mind turning to a consideration of the enigmatic and portentous figure referred to by Macaulay as the False Etruscan. Certain shadowy figures, evoked by authors but not, thereafter, attended to, have a mysterious life of their own: they are a cause of uneasiness and curiosity. Others have concerned themselves with such carelessly sketched and abandoned figures as "Isadora Persano, the well-known journalist and duellist, who was found stark, staring mad with a matchbox in front of him, containing a remarkable worm, said to be unknown to science." Or with "My Brother, Mr. Suckling," and the barouche-landau. But for me the False Etruscan has more interesting possibilities.

In the first place, was Macaulay referring, indirectly, to some historical person? Or only to a generalisation, like that British citizen, standing for all Britain, who is supposed to be ranged beside the United Nations, behind a Government and Opposition united in harmony? "Shame," says the poet, "on the false Etruscan, Who lingers in his home, While Porsena of Clusium . . ." It reads, no doubt, as if the creature were one of those Aunt Sallys, the subtle and villainous Jesuit, the incredibly cunning, impossibly treacherous and cynical Communist, whom journalists and publicists invent for the sake of knocking them down, and thereby demonstrating what will happen to such ill-disposed persons as do not sufficiently attend to their advice and directions. Nevertheless, I believe that this man was real, that it was for some reason as inexpedient to refer to him by name as it was expedient to smear him by implication.

What manner of man was he? He cannot have been without importance, since then it would not have been necessary to draw attention to and rebuke his behaviour. For my part I see him as a yeoman Etruscan, of the middling, small landowner class, farming his own property. At some earlier date his exploits in the service of some conviction had caused his temporary and reluctant emergence from that obscurity grateful and proper to men of his kind. He was one of those men who are never entirely forgotten, who stand for some criterion of behaviour, whose name, casually uttered, inspires the question: "So-and-so? Wasn't he the chap who . . . ?" And there follow reminiscences of some act of courage, some *cause célèbre*, in which this hitherto, and thereafter, insignificant but worthy citizen incarnated, for a time, the better side of his fellows; or, perhaps, did no more than stand forth as the champion of a class.

Although it was with genuine reluctance that this man entered public life, yet the success and applause which he then enjoyed were not without their effect on him. Oddly enough, by serving to emphasise, to himself, the difference between him and his neighbours, his public experience made him more thoughtful. Yet perhaps this is not so very odd: coming, as he did, from a class of men in which responsibility was developed and even taught, it was natural to him to act responsibly in the wide field of public life as in the narrow one of domestic concerns. He cast some of that excessive and false humility which prevents men of his type from judging for themselves, and causes them to adopt the opinions attributed to them by publicists, because they then believe these opinions really are those held by men of their class. Secretly, then, the False Etruscan became a little proud, considered himself a fair judge of men, and events, and situations.

Holding this opinion of himself, it was necessary for him to live up to it, and therefore he began to exercise his judgment, to reject ready-made opinions and to think for himself. And then came this troublesome affair of the Roman revolution, the flight of Tarquin, and the call to arms issued by the Etruscan Government.

Public opinion, at least as it was represented by the news agencies and by members of the Lars Porsena Government, was very sure of the nature of this crisis. It would have been alright, it was said, for the Romans to change their Government, if they had brought it about peaceably. But they had not: they had committed an act of aggression; they were infecting the neighbouring Powers with their pernicious doctrines; they were a warlike people, a constant threat to the peace of the world. They must be taught a lesson now, at once, or there was no knowing what they might do. Why, it was known that they had fifty times as many legions as the Etruscans ("and we had better strike now, while we still have superiority in balistas"). And so the Messengers rode forth, East, West, South and North.

The False Etruscan wasn't satisfied: "I always said," he insisted, "that the Romans would get into a fighting panic when we used those dam' balistas against the Celts, after we'd beaten the bejesus out of them with ordinary weapons." He took a pride, not an entirely admirable pride, and yet a useful and respectable one, in refusing to be impressed by the public clamour. He asked tiresome questions, and kept on asking them: "Are we *really* threatened?" "What about this fellow Tarquin: I heard it wasn't safe to leave a woman alone with him, that he took bribes, that he's a boastful coward. Do we want that kind of ally?" He said, with infuriating calm, "After all, we're supposed to be a free and democratic people, and here we are being asked to put Tarquin back on the Roman throne." He said: "I was in the last lot . . . five years of it, and if they want me again its got to be for a dam' good reason. No one's got more respect for Lars Porsena than I have, but he's got some dam' queer friends . . . there's the big olive-oil man, whats-a-name . . . what's he up to? And the earthenware cartel? Still, skip all that, it's this fellow Tarquin that sticks in my gullet."

Of course, he was labelled as a pro-Roman Red at once. The neighbours began to wonder whether he ought to be removed from the Parish Council; he might give away its secrets to the Romans. They told him how someone had sold the secret of the new balista to them already, and the obstinate man said perhaps they'd invented it for themselves. They provoked him so, that he was almost forced into seeing the Roman point of view, and yet the truth was that he loathed the Romans, hated their bombast and their oligarchic government, their imperialism and the way they treated their slaves. But he was not willing to plunge the world into war over a damned, incompetent, corrupt ruffian like Tarquin, and nothing would make him say otherwise.

His friends reasoned with him. They said: "If these blasted Romans aren't stopped now, they'll be attacking us next. Look at the Spartans . . . if they'd been stopped in '88. . . ." They spoke of the horrors of occupation, a police State. They said: "What would you do if you saw a Roman raping your sister?" The question had no reality for him, for he was a literal-minded man: the only Roman he'd ever known had been passionately in love with a Syrian slave boy; and his sister was a pious, elderly maiden lady of austere manners and repulsive

appearance. He said, "Alright, let's be ready to defend ourselves. Let's make it clear that we won't stand for aggression. Let's state clearly that we're ready to go to war for principles, and what principles. But let's begin by repudiating all the bad causes we've been saddled with. You never know, if we do that, we may find ourselves at peace again."

When Lars Porsena's messenger came and pushed a call-up notice under the False Etruscan's front door, he tore it up. And when all the rest had gone off to join Lars Porsena's array, he lingered in his home, obstinately. He followed the news, and when things got very bad he shrugged his shoulders, told his wife to see if she could find his sword—they'd been using it as a chaff-cutter in the barn—and went to report for duty. He was wounded and he even got a medal. But he only began to be known as the False Etruscan after he had flatly refused to believe that all the Roman soldiers were doped automatons who didn't know their own interests; and that that damned "Red," Horatius, had been made blind drunk before he volunteered to keep the bridge.

EDWARD HYAMS

Edward Garnett

EDWARD GARNETT, about whom Mr. H. E. Bates has written a short memoir,* was a publisher's reader, that is to say, he read several novels in typescript every day for, I suppose, something over forty years. I only knew him towards the end of his life but always imagined this prodigiously boring task must have left its mark on his character and person.

He was not unlike his contemporary M. R. James, the finest writer of ghost stories ever, who became Provost of Eton and the first hagiologist of his time, and who also seemed to read all day and half the night. James smoked a pipe, he had seven in a rack, one for Monday, another for Tuesday and so on; Garnett always a herb cigarette which poisoned the room. When James came to stay he had, he was so fond of them, to be provided with a cat; Garnett, so far as I can remember, never gave a second glance at any animal, yet James looked like a huge blue Persian, and Garnett was really rather a bedraggled St. Bernard but with a cat-like wit. James had such a contempt for day-to-day affairs that he tossed all incoming mail unopened into a large trunk; Garnett was the reverse, he wrote endless letters encouraging young men to write—young men, not girls—but he also had complete contempt for every publisher, reviewer, or member of the public who bought or borrowed novels, in the world.

Here we must leave James, who was a magnificent man, and concentrate on Garnett, who was a wizard. You met Garnett like this. You submitted a first novel, out of the blue, to the publisher of your choice after, in my case, my parents, knowing John Buchan, had sent it to this writer who replied, probably rightly, that Henry would never make an author; then you waited in some agony for weeks, until at last you got a letter inviting you to call on his reader, a Mr. Edward Garnett in Pond Place, Chelsea, London.

You went at the time appointed and rang the bell. There were, I think, three steps up to his door. In those days he did not take his own stairs quickly, so that he kept you waiting. When he did open, he had that accursed Bloomsbury disability of not being able to greet you, nor, when you left, to say goodbye. You were just confronted by a huge old man, his buttons undone all over the place, who stared you down with pale eyes behind deep spectacles and whose white hair was combed over his forehead in a fringe—a pale-faced, menacing, wordless object, immeasurably tall.

You had arrived with an idea that "they" were determined to make you rewrite your book (indeed "they" still sometimes do), and you had made up your mind that you were incorruptible because you were twenty and you believed. It was with a sinking feeling you told him who you were. In my case all he said was just "Come in." And when he toiled over the stairs to his first floor, I began to dread.

There was worse to follow. When we got to a landing he paused by a photograph framed on a dingy wall. He paused by it and asked with great malice "What do you think of this?" The subject was, I think, a bas-relief of Leda and the Swan, treated with what I remember as great indecency. It was the second time only that he had spoken. Completely broken down now and ready to run, I answered with the phrase then current, "Oh, very amusing!" At which he snorted disapproval and I all but fled.

Once seated in his chair, however, and having put the rug over his knees, it was all different. He began with the most delicious praise. He had not only read your work, the stuttering work, but he had seen in it more, far more, than in your dreams you had dared to claim. Better still he had an intense curiosity about you, which is perhaps of even greater importance to young writers. His line was "How did you come to write anything so good?" That your first book, which was all he had seen, was inferior and poor, proved his particular genius. Like a St. Bernard he could smell out the half-frozen body which, if encouraged, might yet be able to wrestle with words. The bottle of brandy hung round his neck was flattery, and at the next meeting with him it was blame. Afterwards he bullied you with a mixture of blame—flattery, nearly always to your good.

He had, I think, the defect of his generation, that with writers young enough to be his grandchildren, he made mistakes about the characters of their own age of whom they wrote. He would insist that this or that girl in the typescript was wrong. There must be several men of my generation who regret the revisions in character drawing which he imposed on us. But what he did know how to do, and yet—why is this?—could not do himself, was to write dialogue and narrative. In that field he was supreme.

He would take out a blue pencil and he would never go through more than one page. The words he struck out were magically unexpected; the result, when one had time to ponder it, was alchemy. He had a unique genius to show what could be done, and that, with his exquisite taste, became an inspiration which still, I am sure, remains with many of us now. He used to say the finest realisation of moonlight in prose that could be found was in Chekov, the reflection in broken glass bottles cemented to the top of a park wall.

For about forty years he had a hand, and a very powerful hand, in most of the best that was written in England. A most retiring man, he spread his influence far and wide. And he was able to do this, as far as I could see, not only because he was almost always right and the publishers recognised it, but above all because, after his distinguished wife and son, the great love of his life was the craft.

HENRY GREEN

* Edward Garnett. By H. E. Bates. *Max Parrish*. 6s.

Should Auld Acquaintance..?

Of course they shouldn't, but in the hurly-burly of Christmas it is inevitable that some friends are "forgot" and some not yet remembered because of the difficulties of "getting something." However, a remedy is at hand and a most acceptable one at that. You are yet in time to take advantage of our special offer and give your friends a six months' acquaintance subscription to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION commencing with the first issue of 1951.

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The Arts and Entertainment

"BARTHOLOMEW FAIR"

It is many years since Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* was given in London, and it is very easy, now that the Old Vic has revived it, to see why. In the first place it requires a very large-scale production if it is to convince at all, and its cast is of a size that would ordinarily be quite impracticable nowadays—a difficulty which the Old Vic is able to surmount by drawing upon its students. No doubt it was the consciousness of having this advantage up their sleeves and the opportunity which it offers for the largest number of small-part players that partly suggested the revival of this play. For, educational purposes apart—but then the Old Vic must take due account of them—the play itself seems to me (though this may not be the general opinion) the most crashing old bore.

It is realistic comedy. The annual Fair, with its stalls, its hucksters and its hangers-on draws into the net of its folly a number of the more or less innocent. It draws them in and finally flings them all, innocent and guilty alike, out. Thus, we are given a composite picture—and this, of course, has an interest—of the life of the London of the time: we are introduced to a very large selection of the contemporary types, bawds, gulls, cut-purses, watchmen, madmen, horse coursers, tapsters, bullies, gingerbread women. But then, only a limited number of these remain anything but very mildly amusing for us now. Only in fact (as I found) the three main ones, for these are not merely observed like the subsidiaries: they are blown out into characters by that puff of exaggeration, which is the comic writer's particular way of infusing life. Justice Overdo, who comes to the fair in disguise to see what goes on there, Waspe, the manservant of a young booby, and, to a lesser extent because so very much more obvious, Zeal-of-the-land Busy, the hypocritical puritan. For the rest there are too many personages and too many different threads of plot for any one of them to have time to be successfully drawn through.

It is really rather like looking at a Frith. All of the characters and most of the incidents are too elaborately, too minutely drawn, as if the accuracy of each of them mattered more than the design of the whole. Peering about in the crowded canvas, the curious will find a thousand details that take their interest for one irrelevant reason or another, but they do not add up to make any kind of a whole. There is far too much of everything, or, if you like, not enough of anything. The Fair scene is in itself brilliantly evoked; but for all the ingenuity of the producer (George Devine) and the virtuosity of the designer (Motley), one wearies of it. Romantic Comedy, which Jonson the purist was so intent upon cleansing, may have been a bastard form and so invited its own kind of split failures; but what a merciful relief to be given decent intervals from all these high spirits, all this blare, all this repetitive knockabout! Then there is another thing. If the Jacobean audience was three times as quick as we are in picking up language jokes, it appears to have been some seven times slower in enjoying event jokes—so that we see most of them coming laboriously forward long before they get to us, and foresee the way they'll end for what seems like hours while they sturdily, steadily, relentlessly plough on to the finish. This, it may be argued, is the unhallowed sophisticated view; it is certainly a personal one, and in fairness I must add that the crowded audience applauded warmly enough at the finish. The measure of whether you will enjoy it or not, is how much you enjoy Shakespeare's low comedy. If you can imagine watching that going on uninterruptedly for a whole evening, then you may safely visit *Bartholomew Fair*. Personally I find this kind of comedy bearable only in very much smaller doses.

Boredom is not a state, perhaps, out of which one can usefully criticise. In any case, I did not see how producer and actors could have done very much more to keep things going, except by even more drastic cutting than they have already done. *Bartholomew Fair* is eminently a producer's piece, with its large subsidiary cast to be manœuvred and controlled, and Mr. Devine manages them with tact and restraint. There are none of the excesses we are in some danger of automatically associating with "producer's theatre"; yet there is plenty of ingenuity and comic invention. There is rather more than I personally like of that busy "acting-up" by characters on stage, but not themselves engaged in a scene, which is, I suppose, to be a mark of the new Old Vic style (*Compagnie de Quinze* influence, no doubt).

But it is Mr. Roger Livesey once again on whom we come to rely for our main pleasure, as Adam Overdo. From the moment when he charms us into his confidence, we simply wait for his return in one disguise or another. It is his large commanding air that enables his character to bulge out in a dozen expressive excrescences. There is, I think, no reason, except the playing why Waspe and Zeal-of-the-Land Busy and even perhaps the young booby shouldn't come out equally strong. Mr. Alec Clunes comes nearest with his wonderfully melancholy lopsided mouth, but doesn't he under-do the testiness? Mr. Mark Dignam applies his particular rapid monotone to Busy, which collects a good many laughs: but there are more and subtler to be found in the part. While Mr. Robert Eddison is in real danger of falling into a repetitive pattern of performing: it already holds up the pace rather badly. The large supporting cast deserves high praise.

T. C. WORSLEY

"THE QUEEN OF SPADES"

It would be foolish to claim that Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades* is a watertight specimen of operatic art. But it has atmosphere: a particular tone, which distinguishes it from any other piece in the repertory, and ought to ensure its success at Covent Garden. We breathe alternately the air of *The Sleeping Beauty* and of the Fifth and Sixth Symphonies: decorative charm mingled with a hectic, haunted emotionalism. Since Tchaikovsky in either mood is still a great favourite, perhaps for once the public will relax its suspicions of anything new and welcome this brilliant revival. They will be rewarded by fine orchestral playing, a startling impersonation by Edith Coates, and a series of Oliver Messel stage pictures and dresses which offer a continual delight to the eye.

Pushkin's ironical, acid little story was greatly expanded and altered by the composer's brother. The latter's libretto has earned much censure; too much, perhaps. In Pushkin, the impecunious young officer, Herman, has no emotional interest in Lisa; he uses her merely as a means of access to the terrifying old Countess, her grandmother, from whom he hopes to wrest the secret of success at the gambling table. The Tchaikovsky brothers were right in finding the Herman-Lisa relationship unworkable as Pushkin left it; they were right to present Herman as torn between his love for Lisa and his passion for cards. As far as Herman himself is concerned, the composer successfully created a musical personality in which the two passions might co-exist. If the tenor can sing his lyrical music with something of that vibrant, yet sweet and delicate tone, so characteristic of Russian tenors, we shall be left in no doubt as to the reality of his love. And if we remember the romantic prestige of gambling in nineteenth-century fiction, we shall not find it difficult to understand Herman's behaviour.

It is in drawing the figure of Lisa that librettist and composer disappoint us. She has some fine music to sing, but it comes too late; and her suicide is perfunctorily handled. It is curious that Tchaikovsky did not realise how ineffectively she, her grandmother and her fiance are introduced to the audience in the opening scene. Lisa and Prince Yeletsky never quite recover from this bad start; the Countess, on the other hand, grows into a vivid and unique creation. Though we see little of her in the earlier scenes, Tchaikovsky is at his most imaginative in treating the scene in her bedroom which forms the climax of the opera. The librettist at this point deserves his share of the credit: it was a stroke of genius that the old woman should remain speechless during the whole of the long scene with the desperate Herman. Edith Coates, in a wonderful make-up, froze the blood with her wordless mouthing, her clawing of the air, her terrible stealthy search for her stick; since the days of Chaliapin I cannot recall a more sinister death scene on the operatic stage. I could have wished, earlier on, for a clearer suggestion of the old lady's brilliant past; when she first hums to herself the Grétry air, "Je crains de lui parler la nuit," we ought to feel, in the phrasing and style, a distinct remnant of her former beauty and charm. Those who heard Oda Slobodskaya in a recent broadcast of the opera will understand what I mean. Perhaps, later on, Covent Garden will invite Mme Slobodskaya to undertake one or two guest performances as the Countess. Sensationally effective as Edith Coates undoubtedly is, there is room for an alternative interpretation.

More than any other character, it is Herman who must carry the opera on his shoulders; his is a most exacting role, both vocally and dramatically. Edgar Evans has the advantage of a youthful and romantic appearance; and his acting, by operatic standards, is plausible enough. But he does not, as yet, *sing* enough. In the laudable pursuit of dramatic intensity he lapses into *parlando* far more frequently than the score demands; this is a fault which will grow with repetition, unless checked at the outset. Furthermore, his speaking voice is at present neither very clear nor altogether natural. Although brought up in a quite different vocal tradition, Hilde Zadek also showed a tendency, as Lisa, to speak her *arioso* phrases; she probably had some difficulty with the Rosa Newmarch translation, which is full of inconvenient lines like "'Twill soon be midnight now." Her best moment was in the lyrical outburst preceding the arrival of Herman in the second scene; it was in this scene too, by the way, that Monica Sinclair gave a beautifully clear and stylish performance of Pauline's E flat minor song.

The weakness of all these earlier scenes is that they contain so much lyrical padding, introduced by that "Come on, give us a song now" formula which is really a confession of a librettist's helplessness. For the scene of the Masked Ball Tchaikovsky wrote an entire Pastoral Interlude, a Mozartian pastiche in several distinct movements. I was prepared to find the Pastoral heavily cut, but somewhat taken aback by its total disappearance. No doubt both conductor (Erich Kleiber) and producer (Michael Benthall) felt that, by this stage of the evening, it was time to get on with the action. All the same, I am inclined to think the total suppression of the Pastoral a mistake. It makes the Ball Scene too short to justify its elaborate presentation; it robs the Scene of its natural musical centre (had there been no Pastoral, Tchaikovsky would surely have introduced some dance music?), and it deprives the audience of that very pretty duet, "O viens, mon doux berger," which is one of the few familiar numbers in the score.

Once again, as in *Der Rosenkavalier*, we admired the discreet level of Dr. Kleiber's orchestral accompaniment, the pure singing tone of the strings, the absence of blare in the brass, and the general clarity and euphony of the whole ensemble. The chorus sang with lively rhythm and rich tone; and Michael Benthall disposed their movements with great skill, besides sustaining, throughout the seven scenes, the melodramatic atmosphere without which the opera would fall to the ground. With slightly stronger and more idiomatic singing from the principals, this *Queen of Spades* would become a first-class

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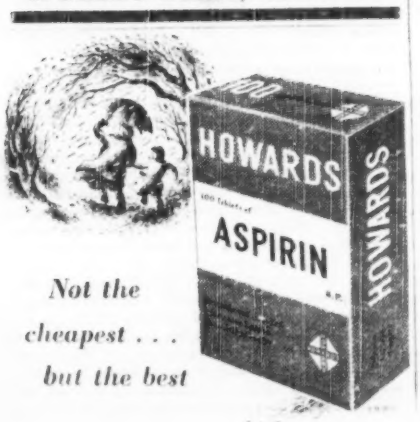

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production; if at present the glittering decorations somewhat overshadow the lyrical aspect of the work, neither producer nor designer is to blame. Their conception of this highly theatrical opera is, as it ought to be, brilliantly and exquisitely theatrical. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Cinderella" and "Seal Island," at the Prince of Wales Theatre
"Lousiana Story," at the Everyman
"Samson and Delilah," at the Plaza
"Harvey," at the Odeon

City Lights has the best Christmas queue, and many a Chaplinesque look have I discovered, passing that way in snow and rain. Across the street, less spell-bound if more easy to get into, there's the Walt Disney programme. Enchantment is precisely what has gone out of Disney. He waves the wand, he plays tricks, he puffs pretty; most of all, of course, he still makes us laugh. The amusement of his new fairy-tale carries quite a lot. *Cinderella* has three good comics: a fat, schoolboyish mouse, a diabolical cat, and a king who looks like a retired colonel and has the temperament of a ballet-dancer. Oh, and one might add a fourth, his chamberlain, a bungling daddy-long-legs with an eye-glass. These two, king and crony, enjoy some uninhibited moments when, bouncing thirty feet high from the royal bed, one tries delightedly with his sword to slash off the other's head. The cat, too, enjoys his devilish if frustrated part as a sentry of wainscot holes, and mice twitterings very much enliven the usual sugary lullabies.

What has all this, though—lively and beguiling as it is—to do with *Cinderella*? The wrappings are more than the gift; our old tale unrolls briskly, faithfully, and it seems to me rather flatly. The pumpkin business, the dressing-up, and the glass slipper are elegant enough, and Cinderella herself as nice a girl as you could meet anywhere in an advertisement for wheat-flakes. But *charm*? Where is that cry from the heart from the tattered little kitchen-maid? Something, you may answer, that Disney could never pretend to. No, but there was a time when he would have started dreams with a ball and a midnight flit. This ball is more than rivalled at the local *palais*. However, in its bright, ripe, processed way this is the best full-length Disney we have been given for a long time.

Seal Island—the first of a series of documentaries about animals—quite fascinates by its subject. This is the annual migration of seals to an island beyond the Aleutians; first arrive the fasting bulls, then the females, who after a short while will give birth; harems are formed, the young crawl about thick as maggots, old bulls get challenged and defeated, and then in their thousands the seals go off again. The cycle has been beautifully caught. Beautifully in the camera-hunter's sense. Technicolor (under difficulties, no doubt) cheapens the scene, and a jaunty commentator labours hard to make all seals into performing seals. Realism in one form or another was always the rock on which Disney foundered.

If anyone wishes to satisfy him or herself on what constitutes real beauty in documentary, there is Flaherty's *Louisiana Story* again at the Everyman (this runs for a week from Boxing Day); and a real fairy-tale magic, if for adults only, breaks through the artificialities of *La Belle et la Bête* (New Year week there: two rarities well chosen for the season.

The other Christmas shows make us laugh when we should thrill and straighten faces ready to grin. Cecil B. DeMille's *Samson and Delilah* brought down in its throes lions, love, and a mighty temple, having delighted us to the tune of S. shouting at D. "You flisteen gudderat!" (Philistine gutter-rat); while the blue-nosed whimsy of *Harvey* seemed to me the dreariest parade of Emperor's-clothes in the way of a joke that I've ever encountered.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Ali Baba and the Thirty-nine Thieves"

The Players' Theatre are creating a tradition of pantomime. The 1950 edition of Ali Baba and the Thirty-nine Thieves ("in accordance with the author's habit of 'taking one off'") is an uproarious adaptation by Hattie Jacques and John Sterndale Bennett of a mid-19th century panto by H. J. Byron whose puns are probably the most outrageous ever ventured on any stage. The usual harlequinade follows; in spite of carping criticism, the audience is still captivated by the "oyster crossed in love." The singing is good and the cast strengthened by the inclusion of Mr. J. Hewer, who plays charmingly opposite to the beguiling Daphne Anderson. The production of the show is outstanding; Mr. Don Gammell does all that can be done on a small stage with lighting, dressing, decor and "business." If this year's performance has not got some little extra bit of magic that crept into last year's Players' pantomime, that is no one's fault, since magic cannot be arranged. This is a very competent, happy, pretty and enjoyable piece of fun. K. M.

Correspondence

THE DRIFT TO WAR

SIR,—In your leader of last week you hold out hope, firstly, that the Germans may not accept the present plans for their rearmament; and, secondly, that "we may not have heard the last of opposition in the French Chamber to what seems almost bound to become, in the end, the revival of a German Wehrmacht." Is it not typical of the timidity of sane opinion in this country that you do not consider even the possibility of public protest *in Britain* against these monstrous proposals?

The truth is that the British Government, without so much as bothering to obtain support from the Labour Party or the public at large, has played a principal part in forcing through German rearmament. Altogether, there seems little point in asking, as your headline does, whether we "Can Save America From Herself," when we cannot even save ourselves from the consequences of our own apathy.

In the whole long slither towards war, this is the first—and perhaps the last—opportunity of uniting a broad section of British opinion behind the interests of sanity and peace. Such a section, indeed, could extend from the readers of your columns to the rank-and-file members of the British Legion.

Priory Cottage, M. PITMAN.
Danbury, Essex.

[We have received a number of similar letters; their writers include officials of local Labour Parties. They have in common the demand for a widely based and independent initiative for peace. Information about meetings to further this object can, we understand, be obtained from Mr. Leslie Smith, National Peace Council, 144 Southampton Row, W.C.1. The N.P.C. is an old-established non-party organisation which has no connection with the Stockholm Peace Campaign. A meeting in the Kingsway Hall with Lord Stansgate in the chair has been arranged for January 8th.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

AMERICAN LIBERALISM

SIR,—I would like to add some comments to Norman MacKenzie's report on the position of American liberals. It would be untrue to say that the organised persecution of Owen Lattimore, the dismissal of twenty California University professors for refusing to sign a "loyalty oath," the attacks on Dean Acheson, the purges in education and other public services, have aroused no murmur of protest in the United States. The *New Yorker*, for instance, recently reviewed Carey McWilliams' *Witch Hunt* as "a scrupulously documented study of the similarities between the current techniques of appraising the loyalty, or potential lack of it, of increasing numbers of Americans and those used periodically over the centuries for the rooting-out of heretics."

But the tone of the newspapers and radio commentaries, the trend of the recent election towards McCarthyism and MacArthurism, the return of Senator Taft, the hints of re-opening "loyalty" cases that have been already disposed of, all point in the opposite direction. While the organs of mass persuasion are blaring out hysterical propaganda seven days a week, it is not surprising that new purges, new loyalty tests, new meetings of teachers' associations demanding the extirpation of Communism from American schools, should blossom every day. Hysteria looks much the same in whatever interest it is whipped up, and except for a difference of vocabulary the similarity between such expressions of feeling and those that emanate from the other side of the Iron Curtain is startling.

Yet there is more than a difference of vocabulary. Americans have been dragged through the mud and have lost their employment for their opinions, or for the opinions that some crackpot inquisitor has attributed to them: but none has yet been sent to forced labour or to a concentration camp. The distinction is important, on the plane of humanity. On the plane of freedom the distinction is very slight. It is worse to be sent to the salt mines than to suffer hateful publicity and to lose your job. But the latter is generally enough to keep your mouth shut. Freedom of opinion always depends on a pretty large minority of ordinary sensible men who have some convictions and some information; but who also have families and something to lose. In present-day America they keep quiet. The machinery by which they could make their voices heard is still in existence. There is probably no country that has more private societies, professional associations, discussion groups of every kind. But now it is safe for them to say only one thing. Discussion, not of the ethics, but even of the practical consequences of the Korean war, of the admission of Communist China to the U.N., goes on only behind closed doors. The rift between what you can say in your own living room and what you can say in public is already clear and wide. We from Europe know what thick wedges can be driven into that rift.

Discussion of Anglo-American policy tends to neglect these points. The protests that have come from all three parties in England against the complete tie-up of English foreign policy to the U.S. line have concentrated on the objective international consequences or on the cost of rearmament. The possibility of modifying American opinion has hardly been considered. Yet there is just a possibility. Certainly not by argument; America is long past that; but by a mild shock treatment. A really resolute refusal to climb on to the American anti-Communist bandwaggon, though it might in itself do little enough to improve relations with Russia, would give an immense and needed shock to the American state of mind. It would produce a violent state of indignation, of which the consequences might be unpleasant to ourselves. But we are probably better able to take it than the now impotent American liberals. A stand by Britain could not pass unnoticed: it would at least end the appalling isolation of the American public from all other currents of world opinion. The resultant fuss would at least force a pause in the rush towards World War III. At most it might force a real re-orientation of American policy, which looks forward with complacency to the use of the British Isles, if necessary, as an unsinkable aircraft carrier. Unless some such assertion of moral autonomy comes from Britain, it is difficult to see much hope.

New York. ENGLISH OBSERVER

BRITAIN AND SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—While the questions of South-West Africa and the treatment of Indians in South Africa have been under discussion at Lake Success, the United Kingdom delegate has observed—even on the question of racial discrimination—a disquieting silence. He has been silent in the face of the gross betrayal of a principle—that the peoples in the Protectorates cannot be handed over to any Government against their will; silent when the Indian delegate spoke of the cruelty of the Group Areas Act.

This Act gives the S.A. Minister of the Interior unchallengeable power over the place of residence, the property, and livelihood of every person, and is designed to ruin 250,000 Indian people who came to South Africa a hundred years ago, at the request of the Natal Government, in order to help the country out of serious labour difficulties. The work and ability of these Indian workers has created enormous

wealth for the Europeans—in this case mainly British settlers.

Under the terms of service when they were invited to Natal, they were promised a return passage to India at the end of their indentured period, or (alternatively) lands on which they could settle with their families and make South Africa their permanent home. Many decided to do this, and have lived and worked in the country for three generations. The new Act is designed to compel them to repatriate "voluntarily": they will, in fact, have full freedom to starve if they do not do so. I was in the South African Parliament when the late General Smuts moved his vote of "no confidence" in the Government on this very issue. He claimed that legislation forcing Indians out of the country was a base betrayal of the promises given.

Dr. Malan makes it quite clear that he regards the Indian as an alien element, and his friend and supporter, Mr. Oswald Pirow, a former Cabinet Minister, discloses the true meaning of the Act when he writes: "Complete territorial segregation between the European and the Native, the removal of every Indian from the Union, and a separate territory for the Coloureds are the only solutions to the colour question in South Africa."

Are we to interpret the ominous silence of Great Britain's delegate as implying reluctant assent? And is there relevance in the news that the South African Government has decided to sell to Great Britain and the United States for atomic warfare all their uranium—a by-product of gold found in the mines of the Union, where 400,000 Natives work, anything from nine or ten hours underground, for a wage of under 3s. a day? We have a right to ask.

93 Makepeace Mansions, N.6. MONICA WHATELY

CHINA'S MONROE DOCTRINE

SIR,—"The Asian continent is henceforth not to be considered a subject for future colonisation by any Power. With existing colonies or dependencies we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it and whose independence we have acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the People's Republic of China."

The above quotation seems to me to correspond to the Chinese attitude to the Korea question. It is the Monroe Doctrine of 1823; I have merely substituted "Asian" for "American" and "People's Republic of China" for "United States."

In 1823 the U.S.A. stood as protector to the newly fledged Spanish-American States. To-day China stands for self-determination for the people of Asia.

To the everlasting shame of the Radicals of yesteryear, the Communists are to-day the only party actively supporting self-determination for subject peoples as in South Africa, the Gold Coast, the former Italian colonies, Malaya, Indochina and Korea.

VIGILANS

COTTON AND UGANDA

SIR,—Readers who remember the article in your columns on Uganda's cotton, may be interested to learn that the Government has now increased the price of raw cotton from 4d. to 5½d. per lb., a wise move which one hopes will go far to allay African suspicion of British motives. But the Baganda are still dissatisfied, because their chief ambition is to be able to control the operation of ginning the cotton themselves. Whether they will in fact receive much money by reducing the ginners' profit may be doubted, but unquestionably the ambition of most Baganda is to be able to take their cotton to a ginnery and have it ginned, paying the ginner a fee for his services, instead of having to sell the cotton to him first, as at present they are compelled by law to do. Since the ginner's profit is theoretically small, this suggests that corrupt practices by ginners in buying cotton are the cause of the strong feeling in favour of this system.

Unfortunately there are many obstacles in the way of Africans who want to do this. The African Farmers' Union, a native co-operative society, was banned after the riots last year; partnerships of farmers are limited to twenty members, and, from fear of disturbance, public meetings are limited to 250 people. About 400 people at a time would need to meet and combine to make an effective co-operative. Cotton is zoned—that is to say, cotton in a certain district must be sold to a certain ginnery—and all cotton must be sold by a given date, in order to prevent deterioration and the preservation of diseases of the plant; an order, however wise, which necessarily militates in favour of the buyer, since sellers cannot strike.

Although cotton ginning does not begin until January, November is the month in which sale of cotton to ginneries usually begins, and it is to be hoped that the Protectorate Government, which has recently done much on behalf of the citizens of Buganda, will legislate to enable African co-operatives to co-operate without delay. JOHN SIBLY

P.O. Box 262, Kampala.

HERRING HARVEST

SIR,—May I be allowed to comment briefly on Aylmer Vallance's articles on the "Herring Harvest?"

Mr. Vallance compares the vastly greater Dutch cure with that of Britain but fails to emphasise that a large part of the former is sold to home consumers at very high prices enabling the producers and processors to accumulate profits, part of which can be used to export the surplus, if necessary at a loss. We can supply the Dutch consumers with Scotch herrings superior in quality to Dutch at a price well below what they pay their own processors, have repeatedly made the effort, but are frustrated by the Dutch authorities refusing import licences.

The question of import licences and currency restrictions form the main, indeed almost the only, obstacle to the export of British herrings in satisfactory quantities. There is a big demand for British cured herrings in all the former purchasing countries but the authorities in those countries stand between our herrings and the willing consumer. Against this the Herring Industry Board and Associated Herring Merchants are powerless. It can be remedied only at the highest political level. That our authorities are not doing all they can by way of including cured herrings in trade agreements and seeing, when herrings are so included, that these agreements are implemented, is the general opinion in all sections of our herring industry. The reason for this appears obvious. In the countries which compete with us in exporting—Iceland, Norway, Holland—herring is an important factor in the national economy and Governments help the exporters in every possible way. Here they apparently do not.

MAX SAUNDERS
Chairman

Associated Herring Merchants Ltd.,
Aberdeen.

PROFITS AND BONUSES

SIR,—I wonder if many people in the Labour Party, particularly those who have some say in economic policy, take the trouble to read the prospectus statements which so often appear in the financial columns of the press. We have read and heard so much about Socialist policy having restricted business and taken away the incentives from the business man, and also so much about the great burden of taxation on businesses, that it is surprising to read in these prospectus statements of the fabulous rewards which some people are obtaining from their businesses.

Practically every one shows greatly increasing profits, very high directors' remuneration and very big sums received in dividends, but over and above all of this many of them, in fact almost all of them, show a big issue of what are, in principle, bonus shares to the few shareholders and then the cashing of a portion of these newly created shares in the city markets. This has brought to shareholders almost every week, sometimes every day, great sums in untaxed cash, which make the big prizes of the football pools look trivial. Tens of millions of pounds have been received by business people in sums ranging in individual cases from a few thousands to hundreds of thousands and there have been a few who have received over a million pounds each.

All kinds of industrial companies have shared in this prosperity and it has been going on throughout the whole period in which a Socialist Government has been in power. What a wonderful time business people are having in these very unsettled days, when so many others are burdened with the high taxation, the rising prices and their small incomes. One sincerely trusts that the Chancellor, who is already talking about the increased taxation, will have these matters in mind. B. W. DALE

Howard Road, Coulsdon.

OUR SECRETARY GIVES A REPORT

SIR,—An author's living is hard enough to get in these days, without the new, growing, and at times quite horribly embarrassing menace to our reputations which is embodied in the remark of the Chairman of a Lecture Society: "The local press is very kind to us—they nearly always send someone to our meetings, or *our Honorary Secretary gives them a report*." I know I am speaking for dozens of other writers, forced into occasional lecturing by the restrictions in the publishing world, when I say that these words, pronounced just before we get up to give our talks, are now the most frightening we ever hear professionally. Before me is a longish printed article—three quarters of a column—with my name on it: Mr. E. M. Forster, whom I have not met, will you please believe that what I actually said was, "Personally I am one of his greatest admirers," not "I am one of his greatest personal friends"? Will the entire film-crew of "Target for Tonight" accept that I did not claim to have flown with them "to get the pictures"? (I can't imagine they have much use for film critics: how odd if they should tote one along with them before production, and what could their admirable camera-man have been doing while I unaccountably took the photographs?) I can't even imagine what I can have said, to give rise to this particular published statement, except perhaps that the Government film unit, for which I worked during the war, distributed the film. One of the London film trade-papers picked up from a similar lecture-report that I had also been a professional peace-time studio "effects-man," and commented acidly on my versatility. No doubt they will again. ("Target for Tonight," too! Even more versatile.) By the time our cutting agencies send us these horrors, they have sent them as well to the other people concerned. Disclaimers don't help. To ask an editor, for instance, to deny that I am a friend of a distinguished man would now be merely rude, if not sinister: better be suspected of collecting spurious honours.

The point is that these things matter to us, the writers turned lecturers, funny as they may sound in isolation, because they blunt the tools with which we have to work. We are more easily damaged than most people by printed nonsense for which we appear to be responsible, for our respect for words is all we have by way of stock-in-trade.

What can any of us do? It is difficult to accept a lecture engagement with the strict proviso that in no circumstances is the kindly, charming, welcoming honorary secretary—that eager but inexperienced reporter—to breath a word of what she may think we say, while she is arguing softly with a lady-member who has lost her ticket but is sure she paid, and another who wants a line of chairs moved, in order to sit with her friends. Yet what the secretary understands may be our downfall.

E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

98 Heath Street, London, N.W.3.

UTOPIAS

SIR,—I have recently completed a history of Utopian Communities in America, 1680-1880. This book (entitled *Heavens on Earth*) will be published in the spring of 1951, and I wish to obtain any further illustrative material that may exist, as soon as possible.

May I ask anyone who is willing to lend, hire or sell any prints, portraits or photographs relating to the Shakers, the Rappites, New Harmony, Fourier and Fourierism, Brook Farm, Fruitlands, Amana, Oneida, and Icaria, to communicate with me c/o Turnstile Press, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1?

All correspondence will be most gratefully acknowledged and every care will be taken of any material submitted. MARE HOLLOWAY

Books in General

"How great a Change has been wrought in Female Manners within these few Years in England! (remarked Mrs. Thrale from Brighton on November 4th, 1782). I was reading the Letter in the 3d. Vol. of the Spectator 217, where the Man complains of his indelicate Mistress: I read it aloud to my little daughters of 11 and 12 Years old, and even the Maid who was dressing my hair, burst out o'laughing at the Idea of *a Lady* saying her Stomach ach'd, or that something stuck between her Teeth. Sure if our Morals are as much mended as our Manners, we are grown a most virtuous Nation!" Mrs. Thrale was an intelligent social critic; but not only female manners suffered an immense change during her long lifetime. The revolution was far more profound, and affected every sphere of life so that the Age of Adam considered the Age of Kent a remote and slightly barbarous period, in which furniture was heavy and speech was rude, and the English character, exemplified by such sensual giants as Sir Robert Walpole, retained much of its primitive strength together with a large admixture of its native coarseness. The distinction, however, is not always made by modern students of the eighteenth century. They fail to observe how real was the development that had occurred between 1730, say, and 1760 or 1770, and how numerous and striking were the reforms on which the contemporaries of Mrs. Thrale felt that they could pride themselves. "Elegance," "refinement," "modesty," "sensibility" were words particularly dear to late-eighteenth century commentators; and everywhere they saw proofs of the rapid advance of civilisation. Men and women who had been painted by Reynolds and Gainsborough—pensive, reflective, gently amused, in surroundings that combined a hint of grandeur with an ingenious suggestion of graceful informality—gazed in astonishment at the family portraits of their immediate forbears, those wasp-waisted wooden-faced dolls representing dignitaries and maids of honour at the court of George II, when Bellenden was a reigning beauty and Hervey a fashionable wit.

Just as portrait-painters tell us little of the age, so the written memorials of the early-Georgian epoch are strangely unrevealing. Hervey stands almost alone, exceptional in his gifts, yet highly characteristic of the social period he sprang from. It was an age of contrasts—and few men have had more contrasting attributes: a period of cruelty and corruption—and Hervey was as cruel as a cat, and disdained the affectation of morality either in his personal or in his political life. He was a trifler, an elegant amateur; but he possessed remarkable strength of will and literary ability that would have done a professional writer lasting credit. An invalid of Herculean vitality, he selected and clung to the type of career that he professed to find most wearisome. He pretended to despise his fellow courtiers, and never tired of deriding the arrogance and dullness of his royal patrons; but his days and nights were passed upon the courtly treadmill, "making a leg" at the appearance of royalty, smiling, flattering, gossiping, with rarely a moment to enjoy as he pleased, the only solitude he could always command the guarded privacy of his own spirit.

A wily, polished, deliberately elusive personage. Hervey had been exceedingly handsome in youth; and, though he wooed and wedded the beautiful Molly Lepell, to whom in the intervals of pleasure and business he gave as many as eight children, and was known to have had an amorous intrigue with one at least of Queen Caroline's attractive and ill-conducted maids of honour, his reputation for sexual perversity was never wholly shaken off. Pope sprang on it greedily and gladly. The courtier was involved in the poet's quarrel with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; and, while Lady Mary was lampooned as "Sappho"—a sluttish sherake, whose hatred was as venomous as her love was dangerous—Hervey became "Lord Fanny" and then, after he had attempted to retaliate, re-appeared as "Sporus."

Not until the first appearance of his *Memoirs*, edited by Croker in 1848, was it possible to disassociate Hervey from Pope's resounding diatribe. The satire had contained a measure of truth—the subject's character certainly included many odious qualities; but it left out of account a considerable array of complementary virtues. Though Hervey could be cold and cruel, though he was malicious and self-interested and, in his lust for political power, ready to sacrifice both decency and dignity, he was capable of genuine devotion towards the rare human beings whom he loved and trusted. He loved the Queen as his letters and memoirs show; and he had a passionate, if slightly ambiguous, affection for his friends Henry and Stephen Fox, elevated to the peerage in later life as, respectively, Lord Holland and Lord Ilchester. On their side, at all events, the friendship that sprang up would seem to have been entirely innocent. No doubt they were charmed by so brilliant a worshipper, and delighted to receive the voluminous and informative letters that, evening after evening, he scribbled from St. James's Palace, writing very often on the corner of a card-table, while the King played "commerce and backgammon, and the Queen at quadrille," the Duke of Grafton took "his nightly opiate of lottery" and slumbered "as usual between the Princesses Amelie and Caroline," and Lord Grantham strolled distractedly from one room to another, bestirring himself "as people stir a fire not with any design . . . but in hopes to make it burn a little brisker, which His Lordship constantly does to no purpose, and yet tries it as constantly as if it had ever once succeeded." For Henry and Stephen Fox, who spent much of their time at their country house in Somerset, surrounded (as Hervey frequently complained) by "those demi-human, demi-brutal boobys, your country neighbours," the friendship of so talented a court-chronicler was a fascinating acquisition. But perhaps they failed to grasp the complexity of the emotions beneath which their friend was labouring.

The story of this unequal intimacy, which Mr. Romney Sedgwick discussed at length in his preface to the *Memoirs*, is now re-told in an edition of Hervey's correspondence. From a mass of letters and copies of letters, preserved at Ickworth, Melbury and Holland House, the present Lord Ilchester (to whom we are already indebted for several excellent collections of his family papers) has extracted a handsomely produced volume of three hundred pages. He has made, he informs us, numerous deletions, removing passages that in his judgment were definitely "unprintable" and others that he felt to be tedious or repetitive. He has also suppressed "a number of long declarations of friendship for the Fox brothers, and of even more sloppy sentiment. . . " But were the deletions indicated above advisable or really necessary? There is no disguising the fact that Hervey's composition had a definitely homosexual strain, and that, far from concealing his tendencies, he was apt to underline them. Thus to Stephen Fox (whose charm presently prevailed over the attraction of his younger brother) he writes in August, 1751, when he himself was a man of thirty-five and Fox was twenty-seven, that, on hearing Stephen's health proposed at dinner, "I assure you I coloured, and felt just as I imagine your favourite mistress would have done upon the same occasion." And a couple of sentences earlier: "It is unimaginable how many thousand nameless accidents and indescribable sensations prove to me every day how much I am engrossed by one thing." His communications were usually love-letters: and love-letters, shorn of their amatory content, have a somewhat awkward and impoverished air.

Lord Hervey and his Friends,* nevertheless, is an informative and entertaining work; for, apart from its psychological interest (which might have held the attention of Marcel Proust), it contains illuminating reflections of the social and political background. Hervey was a henchman of Walpole, who in his management of the King through the Queen repeatedly made use of Queen Caroline's subtle favourite; and here is a glimpse of Sir Robert at Houghton, "up to the chin in beef, venison, geese, turkeys, etc.; and generally over the chin in claret, strong beer and punch." Here, too, is a sketch of another confederate, Chesterfield:

> He was incessantly entertaining; and though naturally I know your taste is not turned to romances . . . yet the historical, political, amorous, familiar, foreign and domestic novels which he told, were related in so compendious a manner and so lively a style, that I am sure you would have been infinitely pleased . . . I always listen to him as I read poetry, without hoping for a word of truth . . . If ever I do think of it upon that foot, it is only to admire the fertility of his imagination and the luxuriancy of his invention; and, as one values other people in proportion to their adherence to truth, one admires him most when he deviates most from it. With all this he is positively no liar . . . His Lorship never thinks of the things he tells being either true or false, and as for deceiving you, provided he is sure you like his manner of telling them, he concerns himself no more about the credit you give to his narrative than he does about the authority he has for them.

We catch echoes of Hervey's furious and rather mysterious quarrel with the unfortunate Frederick Prince of Wales; and we read numerous and glowing tributes to Frederick's

* *Lord Hervey and His Friends*. Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. *Murray*. 21s.

profoundly cynical and highly gifted mother. At the outset Hervey's attachment to Caroline may have had a selfish basis; but, as he studied and came to know the Queen self-interest merged into loyalty, and loyalty into deep affection. Caroline's death, which occurred after appalling agonies in November, 1737, struck him a disastrous blow. Walpole who, during the Queen's agony, had paced his room in desperation, exclaiming "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" was consoled as soon as he discovered that he could govern the King without the Queen's help. But Hervey was made of more sensitive stuff; and, having lost the only woman whom he genuinely admired and loved—towards Lady Hervey his attitude, after the ardours of courtship, was never more than distantly well-bred—he could not escape from the gathering shadows that fell across his private life. The flippancy and gaiety subsided: melancholy clogged his pen. "Upon my word (he wrote to Count Algarotti) she was a thorough great, wise, good and agreeable woman." And to the Foxes' sister, Mrs. Digby:

> I myself who knew her well, who knew her temper, her strength and greatness of mind, her patience, her resignation, her mildness and her indifference to life, could yet have had no conception of her firmness in bodily pain . . . Let those who used to call her affability, falseness, to say her piety was grimace, and her easiness in all situations put on, now blush . . . for all their rancorous insinuations . . . on the best and greatest, not only woman, but human creature that ever was created.

The letters cease in 1738; but Hervey survived until 1743. Emaciated, pallid but heavily made up—"a painted face and not a tooth in his head!" proclaimed the savage old Duchess of Marlborough, whom Hervey himself at happier moments had so often caricatured—he still hungered after the "shew-bread of Counsel" which he had once eaten with the "Cabinet-priests" in the "Sanctum Sanctorum of politics." But Walpole had fallen from power; and Walpole's successors had no use for the tarnished confidant of the late Queen. He died embittered and disabused, remarking that the "last stages of an infirm life are filthy roads," and that "the further one goes from the capital the more tedious the miles grow." A new generation began to forget him: Thackeray in the *Four Georges* held him up as a subject for journalistic ridicule. Yet his career had its justification, though his ambition had been denied its reward. His *Memoirs*, to which his correspondence provides an extremely useful supplement, entitle him to an honourable niche in the extensive, various and distinguished array of eighteenth-century prose-writers.

PETER QUENNELL

SONG

It's possible that I was forced
  By my desires to have her
In days when the lost cause was lost
  And I a hopeful shaver.

To her I am indebted most
  Who taught me how to suffer
When that proud rider was unhorsed
  And I became her lover.

If love and I are now divorced
  And my dull life is safer
Then I must drink a gambler's toast
  To her and to no other.

GAVIN EWART

JAMES THE FIRST

William James. By MARGARET KNIGHT. *Penguin Books.* 1s. 6d.
William James. By LLOYD MORRIS. *Scribner's.* 10s. 6d.

During the last fifty years there have been few outstanding personalities in philosophy, fewer still in psychology. There could, then, be no better subject for the first of the new series of Pelicans on Psychology than William James, who contributed originally and abundantly both to philosophy and psychology, but whom Mrs. Knight treats in her Introduction primarily as a psychologist. Let me say in passing that Mrs. Knight's is all that an introduction should be; it conveys information without dullness, accurately appraises James's position both as psychologist and as philosopher, and makes extremely good reading. The account of William's attitude to Henry's awful style is very good—his own tendency, William writes to Henry,

> is to say a thing in one sentence as straight and explicit as it can be made, and then to drop it forever; yours being to avoid naming it straight, but by dint of breathing and sighing all round and round it, to arouse in the reader who may have had a similar perception already (Heaven help him if he hasn't) the illusion of a solid object, made wholly out of impalpable materials, air, and the prismatic interference of light, ingeniously focused by mirrors upon empty space. But you *do* it, that's the queerness! . . . But it's the rummest method for one to employ systematically as you do nowadays.

William's attempts to shock Henry's prudishness with such exhortations as "give me a human race with some *guts* to them, no matter if they do belch at you now and then," and the dressing-down (recorded by H. G. Wells) of William by Henry for peering over a wall at Rye to get a glimpse of G. K. Chesterton, are as delightful as they are revealing.

On the point of style, the account is rendered the more piquant by the information that William, than whose style when he writes on philosophical subjects nothing could be more enchanting, the precise clarity of his utterances being coloured to warmth by the frequent and extremely apposite colloquialisms, wrote with extreme difficulty. A mildly scandalised Professor Sully might be led to wonder in regard to the *Principles of Psychology*, which he hailed as "undoubtedly a work of genius," whether "a standard textbook ought by rights to be somewhat duller." He might have wondered still more if he had read James's own confession:

> If there is aught of good in the style, it is the result of ceaseless toil in re-writing. Everything comes out wrong with me at first; but when once objectified in a crude shape, I can torture and poke and scrape and pad it till it offends me no more.

Mr. Lloyd Morris's study of James's work is not on the same level as Mrs. Knight's. There is no harm in it, but it lacks both distinction and authority. He refers to James as "A Socrates in Cambridge" (U.S.A.), and tells us that he "urgently required a theory of life that was . . . spiritually propitious"—what, I wonder, does "propitious" mean? But he has a good account of James's religious views and in a chapter on his "Influence" does full justice to the distinctively American cast of James's philosophy of religion. This was, as he rightly points out, the natural and fitting expression of the "swelling American prosperity" of the early nineteenth century when all things seemed possible to humanity and even God was "the coming man."

James's virtues, as Mrs. Knight's Introduction makes clear, were not those of a systematic thinker. His main conclusions in philosophy, that thought is not rigid, that truth is not absolute, and that systems which aspire to be diagrams of the universe are, in the nature of things, suspect, were matched by his method. He was a man of discontinuities, of flashes of insight, of brilliant *aperçus*, which render whatever he has to say on any subject extremely well worth reading. It is something of a paradox that his *Principles of Psychology* should be one of the longest, up to that time *the* longest, book on the subject. The vividness and charm of his writing are the reflections of a being who, to quote his sister, "would bring life and charm to a treadmill." He was extraordinarily popular; indeed he was more, he was beloved, so that James Ward could write to him shortly before his death that his life had been surely no less happy than successful, "for I know of no one more universally beloved." The story of his relations with colleagues and students bears out this testimony. Like Shaw, he had many controversies but made no enemies.

It was to these personal qualities that he partly owed his immense celebrity as a lecturer. James's importance in the history of psychology, as Professor Mace, the Editor of this series, points out in his Foreword, is largely a matter of timing. He stood at the point at which psychology, hitherto embedded in the matrix of philosophy, was about to emerge as a science in its own right. To James, more than to any other writer, belongs the credit of the leading accoucheur. Mrs. Knight dwells upon the extent and variety of his anticipations of later thought. The theory of the stream of consciousness anticipated the *Gestalt* school; the account of the processes of creative thought, Spearman. James may almost be said to have initiated the modern emphasis upon emotion as distinct from cognition and perception. He was among the first to stress the social factor in the conditioning of behaviour and to realise the importance of multiple personality and what we now know as extra-sensory perception. But his most significant contribution to psychology was his insistence that consciousness is an indivisible stream or flow as against the prevailing tendency to treat it as a bundle of faculties and a succession of states, and that psychology should rank as a science whose affinities were with biology and physiology rather than with the department of philosophy. Psychology in his hands

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aspired for the first time to become genuinely scientific. Thus, although the fruits of his excursions into introspection, for example, his account of trying to remember something which we have forgotten but which we feel to be just below the threshold of consciousness, show great subtlety and insight, his method is predominantly extraverted. He lays stress on behaviour both as a subject of study and as a determiner of experience—"we feel sorry *because* we cry." Yet paradoxically he distrusted and disliked experimental psychology, and transferred the laboratory work of his department into the capable hands of Munsterberg at the earliest possible moment.

Similarly in philosophy, though he has been acclaimed as one of the fathers of Logical Positivism he was without training in logic, and it is on the side of logic that his work is weakest. For example, his pragmatic theory of truth is vitiated by a simple confusion between the definition and the criterion of truth, the point being admirably brought out by one of James's correspondents who wrote to complain that, "When you say that 'pragmatism is the truth about truth' the first truth is different from the second." But James was not interested in consistent theorising about the universe. His was the flash that illuminates rather than the synoptic vision that brings all knowledge and experience within the bounds of an all-embracing system. He was an intellectual sprite.

C. E. M. JOAD

HARD- OR SOFT-BOILED

The Simple Art of Murder. By RAYMOND CHANDLER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.
The Floating Dutchman. By NICOLAS BENTLEY. *Michael Joseph.* 9s. 6d.

Mr. Raymond Chandler, ace of the Californian school of tough thriller writing, has amused himself in his latest work with a swinging attack on his less prosperous colleagues in the detective branch of fiction. In the title essay of *The Simple Art of Murder* he exalts his own method of business at the expense of old-fashioned practitioners like Conan Doyle, E. C. Bentley, Freeman Wills Crofts, Miss Dorothy Sayers and the divine Mrs. Christie: and, to show how tough he is and how determined to bring the whole Art of Literature down to ground level he even takes a long shot at such high-flying birds as Shakespeare and Aeschylus. Shakespeare can be safely left to fend for himself; but some of the lesser targets deserve rescue from the aspersions fired at them. The main accusation against the "classical" writers of detection is that the rigid formula of their plots obliges them to use cardboard characters, improbable events and impossible situations in order to concoct a mockery of crime as it happens in every-day life. Whereas the gang of hard-boiled fellows at the heels of Dashiel Hammett are at least in touch with reality: their crimes are in strict accordance with those we read about in the Sunday papers. Strange though it may seem, Mr. Chandler has not yet learnt to appreciate the elementary difference between a detective story and a thriller.

The classical writers go to work, it is true, in a very tight suit. If they try to let out the seams to make their efforts look more presentable they are liable to let the cat out too—and the cat is their totem, without whom the tribe would cease to exist. Of course all their readers would appreciate more personality in their characters, more plausibility in the action and less reliance on coincidence, but they recognise the necessity for artifice and take it in their stride. After all, at this stage of the game we do not expect an Agatha Christie to present us with a slice of life, but with a good slice of Christie. As long as she successfully challenges our intelligence she cannot do better.

The thriller-writer has no concern with the reader's intelligence; he aims at emotions of surprise and suspense, with sometimes a smattering of sexual titillation thrown in. In a sophisticated disguise he proffers adults the same vicarious excitement that "blood and thunders" give youngsters. The confusion with classical detection, which befogs Mr. Chandler and others, comes simply from the fact that both parties write about the same subject—deeds of violence and sudden death—and use a prepotent and unearthly personage in the detective imago to clear up the mess. The simplest way to tell them apart is to watch this detective figure at work; if he uses his brains, it's detection, if he uses his fists, it's a thriller: if he uses both the author is trying to have the best of both worlds and is writing a bastard thriller which he hopes will pass muster as detection.

For, say what Mr. Chandler will (and he has plenty to say), detection is the more reputable stuff of the two. To use a phrase that has already made Mr. Chandler reach for his revolver, in "the literature of escape" detection may be dodging away from the realities of the human predicament, but it is dodging slightly up hill, not down hill all the way like the thrillers. When the *Titanic* is sinking or the atoms are falling, it will be more dignified to be found doing *The Times* crossword or puzzling out a Nicholas Blake than to be caught drinking at the bar with Mr. Chandler.

Mr. Chandler emphatically disagrees; and, as he is a leading authority, bedizened with testimonials from Mr. J. B. Priestley, Miss Elizabeth Bowen and Mr. W. H. Auden, we must pay attention to what he says. He writes his tough thrillers, not to gratify ignoble passions or to escape from reality, but in a missionary spirit—to confront us with the evildoers of this world and yet leave us undaunted. Listen:

> In everything that can be called art there is a quality of redemption. It may be pure tragedy, if it is high tragedy, and it may be pity and irony, and it may be the raucous laughter of the strong man. But down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid. The detective in this kind of story must be such a man. He is the hero, he is everything. He must be a complete man *and* a common man and yet an unusual man—

and so on, for another half-page of panegyric on the Detective (for by this time he rates a capital D), ending: "If there were enough like him, I think the world would be a very safe place to live in, and yet not too dull to be worth living in."

So much for those who regard thrillers as mere saleable trash—and demoralising trash at that—or did I hear any raucous laughter?

Let us now see what the Galahads of the Pacific Coast are up to in *The Simple Art of Murder*. There are seven longish short stories, reprinted in book form from American pre-war pulp magazines and covering 317 pages. Thirty-one persons (evildoers all) are killed: every hero survives, although not entirely uninjured. The heroes shoot down a fair proportion of the bad hombres themselves, but never fire at a woman. The cars are all hall-marked with the makers' name and often with the date of the model. The firearms vary between long and snub-nosed. Character comes out in the shape of lips, the style of clothes, the colour of eyes and the hair-do. Emotion, generally fear, evinces itself by lip-licking, moustache touching, fingering tables and chairs and doing things to glasses and cigarettes. The vaunted style chatters away with the insistent staccato of a type-writer: the vocabulary is as slangy and monosyllabic as can be; the sentences almost bite their tongues off in brevity. In fine, here are seven of Mr. Chandler's most competent, wise-cracking stingaroos, with as close a resemblance to real life (those crimes we read of in the papers) as a fairy story, and laced with about as much redemption as you could extract from a bottle of Scotch.

Mr. Nicolas Bentley suffers from the disadvantage that in the West End of London the forces of law and order are known to be more in the ascendant than they are, apparently, in Los

when the Greenhouse is by Boulton & Paul . . . it's a first class job

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Angeles. Consequently his hero is obviously on the winning side from the start, thereby losing some of his grandeur. Moreover the comparative shortage of gangsters over here cramps the heroic vocation : there are only two killings in *The Floating Dutchman*, and one of those is accidental. The style is intelligent and mildly sophisticated, while the plot never exceeds the bounds of plausibility ; yet I doubt whether Mr. Bentley shares the impassioned belief in his divine mission that sustains Mr. Chandler.

If one regards the thriller as a literary form of intoxicant, as I do—and the hangover that follows excessive indulgence confirms the resemblance—then the harder the liquor the better ; and the strength should be stated on the label. By this reckoning *The Floating Dutchman* ranks as a fruity wine of port type, *The Simple Art of Murder* as neat spirit 70° Proof.

It is folly to despise thrillers ; their vogue in the Anglo-Saxon world today is an ominous sociological phenomenon. The amount of secret drinking in progress is colossal. For every reader of an item in the NEW STATESMAN list a hundred heads are bent over some unrecommended book with a corpse on the cover. If Mr. Chandler were right, and these furtive tipplers were being purged of dread and despair by one of nature's noblemen, why worry ? But are they ? Who is this god-like Detective whom they all adore and in whose feats they share by proxy ? Behind the mask one can recognise a familiar figure from folklore, a modern St. George come to save the people from dragons. But there is more to him than that. He not only goes around slaying, but he carries a permanent licence to slay : he is himself the killer in excelsis. The world will hardly become "a very safe place to live in," as long as the mass of the population indulge in phantasy in the role of First Murderer.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

ANOTHER LAYER OF HAMLET

Hamlet and the Pirates. By D. S. SAVAGE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 9*s.*

When the family doctor suspects that we may be sickening of something on the chest he invites us to say *ninety-nine*. But the imagery of *Hamlet* turns frequently upon sickness and disease. It is logically apparent, therefore, that when we read books about *Hamlet* we should always begin at page 99. Let us do so with Mr. Savage's book. What do we find ? Why :

> As Hamlet personifies the Good Quarto, so Laertes would seem to be put forward as a personification of the Bad.

We have tried to be supremely crazy in our own approach to the play and failed. Mr. Savage has beaten us to it.

The argument begins on unimpeachably respectable but at the same time boldly speculative ground. In *Hamlet* there is a strong political interest, partly submerged in the text as it has come down to us, and frequently ignored by critics who concentrate upon the purely personal motivations in the play. It is necessary to realise that Hamlet seeks not only revenge but his usurped throne as well. When we have grasped this we shall clearly see that he must be in correspondence with Fortinbras, whose hovering on the fringes of the action and eventual popping up pat to receive the Prince's "dying voice" is explicable only on the supposition that Hamlet has done a deal with him and arranged that he should be in the neighbourhood to support an anti-Claudius *coup*. Moreover Hamlet, plotting cunningly ahead, has *arranged* for the pirates (probably a group of friends in the Danish navy) to intercept the ship bearing him to England. It is true that he tells Horatio a great many lies about this, but the real state of the case keeps peeping out. Thus he is looking forward to the moment when the two vessels shall grapple when he remarks to his mother that it is sweet when in one line two crafts directly meet. Again, he afterwards describes the pirate craft as being "of very warlike appointment." Does not "appointment" mean, among other things, "prearranged meeting" ?

And now Mr. Savage has an inspiration. Why pirates at all ? There is no mention of pirates in the bad quarto of 1603, where Hamlet has to make do with a gale at sea. And what is that bad quarto ? Why, a *pirated* quarto ! Has not Dr. A. W. Pollard written a famous book called *Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates* ? True enough that the earliest recorded use of the word "pirate" in this sense is in 1668. But may not this very use of the word to stigmatise one who steals literary property derive from the fantastic joke which Shakespeare, indignant at the theft of his play, built into his subsequent authorised text, the good quarto of 1604 ? And we are to note that Shakespeare appears to have rewritten other parts of the play under the same impulse. Thus Osric's part is enlarged to display him as "selling" Laertes. When Osric describes Laertes as "full of most excellent differences" this is Shakespeare's way of commenting ironically on the wretched version of his play which the pirates have sold to the public.

But this is not all. Was Shakespeare—Mr. Savage further, or alternatively asks—*really* indignant with those who stole his tragedy ? The capture of Hamlet by the pirates was a put-up job, so may not the capture of *Hamlet* by the pirates have been a put-up job too ? May not Shakespeare have *arranged* for his tragedy to be pirated ? Here may have been his only means of countering the players' reluctance to publish it. Or he may have held the current opinion that a gentleman may not becomingly send his work to a printer unless there is a garbled version already in circulation. Mr. Savage offers no theory of just how Shakespeare went to work in the matter, contenting himself with the statement that he "could with ease invent a dozen." This is one proposition in an odd and entertaining book with which few will be disposed to quarrel.

J. I. M. STEWART

STRETCHING OUR MINDS

The Riddle of the Flying Saucers : Is Another World Watching ? By GERALD HEARD. *Carroll & Nicholson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

When facts are allowed to speak for themselves they often use unpleasant language. In this book Mr. Heard seems to have granted them an absolute licence. "No one is inspired today and everyone knows it" is one of his most brutal facts. Another, possibly related, comes immediately after. "Today the more informed you are the better you know that your best and brightest guess peers over the edge of a blank, black abyss, out of which no one knows what next will emerge." Everyone knows what this means. It means that we must be prepared to take in difficult conceptions, however unwelcome or strange. For as Mr. Heard warns us :

> . . . our minds may have to be stretched still further ; and meanwhile, in preparation for that painful process, let us try to keep them as open as we can. We must not shut down. If we do, we may have our minds wrenched open too violently for their peace and maybe for their balance.

It did not need this book to demonstrate the latitude of Mr. Heard's mind; he has never at any time been willing to discount a possibility merely because it seems unbelievable; and though his inspired scepticism has brought him into conflict with academic scientists he has had the consolation of knowing—if we interpret his insinuation correctly—that Anaxagoras, Copernicus, Giordano Bruno and Galileo were, in their times, also mocked. The opinion of "scientists" (the dust-jacket's apostrophes) that flying saucers do not exist has consequently made no impression on him whatsoever. His mind is open. He attempts in this book to stretch ours to the same width.

His story begins on the first day of what has already been labelled the Disc Era. This was Tuesday, 24th June, 1947, which by a pleasing

Universities Quarterly

Editor : C. R. MORRIS, Vice-Chancellor, University of Leeds

Vol. 5. No. 1. November, 1950
104 pages Five Shillings

Principal Contents

THE UNIVERSITY & THE SCHOOLS—A SYMPOSIUM

Introduced by the Editor ; and contributions from

ERIC JAMES
Headmaster of Manchester Grammar School

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Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

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chance is Thanksgiving Day in America. On that day a young business man called Kenneth Arnold, who was flying his own plane to Boise, Idaho, sighted nine objects swerving in perfect formation in and out of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains. He guessed their speed to be somewhere about 1,000 miles an hour; but it was their shape that mystified him more than their speed. "They were unlike any plane that he knew. They were discs, they were saucers." Arnold talked when he landed, we are told, and the news spread; and within a short time the newspapers contained a number of similar reports from other people in other parts of the country. Then something mysterious happened which Mr. Heard cannot explain. The big papers suddenly stopped printing these stories. "'Mass-hallucination' became the pass-word." Nevertheless the reports continued to come in and the local dailies gave them space. Mr. Heard records all the most important observations up to the early autumn of 1950. By no means all these sightings were of discs; there was the case, for instance, of a huge wingless cigar-shaped monster with baleful lights which almost crashed into an airliner but took avoiding action just in time; and even the saucers were not uniform; they varied in size from a thousand feet in diameter to two feet.

The evidence having been assembled, the first question Mr. Heard discusses is whether these objects were in fact seen or whether they were the product of hallucination. He decides in favour of the first alternative, for two reasons. One, the United States is a free country and therefore possesses a press that relentlessly seeks out the truth. Two, many of the observations were made by veterans of the American Air Force who demonstrated during the war how trustworthy they are. The next question to be tackled, therefore, is the provenance of these "sky-saunterers." Are they American secret weapons? Mr. Heard rejects this theory, for two reasons. First, the United States is a free country.

We must repeat, America is the freest country in the world. Except during a war you may ask about anything and expect an answer. That is because the press is so powerful. And the press has power to push its probes so vigorously because the American Public wants news almost as much as it wants fresh food.

His second reason is that he does not think American Service Chiefs would send their secret weapons down civil air-lanes. Where then do these "ceiling-cruisers" come from? In 1949 *The Washington Daily News* put forward the theory that they were coming from Spain. Mr. Heard deals contemptuously with this.

> Could Spain today, with the help of a few refugee Nazi brains, sow the upper air round the globe, and in flights over the United States, with super-original aircraft? Spain, which never produced one super-successful car to compete on the pre-war automobile market? We have only to write out the question to see that it is answered. Spain could not.

After exhausting every possibility in this way Mr. Heard is unable to avoid the astonishing conclusion that "none of the earth or ocean sites will hold water."

But nothing comes from nothing, as we know. Our minds, opening wider, must range further. Can it be that life exists on another planet and that "they" are more advanced than ourselves and are observing us from these mysterious vehicles? Mr. Heard thinks so, and he gives his reasons, backed by scientific argument, why, in his opinion, Mars is their home. And to the objection of astronomers that only insects are able to live on Mars he has a ready answer: that "they" *are* insects. The recent discovery that bees have minds has suggested to him that the ingenious constructors of these discs may be bees—but super-bees, it must be understood, bees "immensely ahead of the bees here—or any insect."

One more question, perhaps the most teasing of them all, has to be dealt with before the riddle is finally unravelled. Granted that flying saucers exist and are sent from Mars to observe us, why are the people of that planet interested almost exclusively in the activities of Americans? Here Mr. Heard makes one of his best and brightest guesses; but readers must discover it for themselves, for it would be unfair of the reviewer to rob this mystery-book of all its suspense. Not everyone, of course, will have the courage to go all the way with Mr. Heard; some will draw back from the abyss; some will "shut down." If among these there be any who fear for the future peace of their minds and maybe for their balance, let them find reassurance in Shaw's tranquillizing words: "Belief is literally a matter of taste."

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

THE
POLITICAL QUARTERLY
120 pp. January, 1951
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This important number surveys the facts about the Cold War first by examining its impact upon those countries where the tension and danger are greatest—the Far East, Germany, France, the Balkans, U.S.A.

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Sandy The Red Deer. By F. FRASER DARLING. *Oxford.* 6s.

Detectives By The Sea. By JEAN HENSON. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

A Boy in Samarkand. By GEORGE SAVA. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

Under Black Banner. By GEOFFREY TREASE. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

I have just been examining in some detail thirteen books written for, or at least about, children. The idea was to try to find some which they might care to buy with their Christmas book tokens. This has been a far more difficult task than trying to pick possibles for grown-ups to give them for I had to guess which of the batch children would think worth buying for keeps. Some had good points but it was hard to imagine a particular child spending a sizeable book token on them (6s. was the very lowest price) often because they contained mixed material, some too old and some too young for a definite child of a definite age.

V. Sackville-West's *Nursery Rhymes*, well printed and agreeably decorated, did not seem to me to come into the category of books to be *read* by children though the pictures seem to be designed to be looked at by them. This long essay which rambles on eruditely about first editions, folklore origins, child psychology, the relation of nursery rhymes to poetry, is surely for adults only. Or are there really children with such precipitous brows that they will smile knowingly at references to the cecity of caudate mice, and sagely agree with the author that "the tales and rhymes originated in ages which most ingeniously combined imagination with realism, fantasy might be paramount but circumstantial detail was not lacking," etc.? If so, they would almost certainly find the illustrations too infantile and *vieux jeu* for words. Both in matter (sometimes amusing and interesting; sometimes precious and whimsical) and illustration *Nursery Rhymes* seems to fall between two stools. To whom exactly does the Book Society recommend it?

Esther Meynell's *Tale Told to Terry* seems open to certain objections from the point of view of the child book-buyer. The Terry to whom the tale is told is six. Few six-year-olds in these late-reading days could read it for themselves and older children seldom want to read about younger ones. There are some fairly good Sussex characters and a convincing country atmosphere, plus a neat tie-up between country life to-day and prehistoric times, but I think it is more likely to be bought on an unselfish grown-up's token than a child's. When reading it aloud, a wise grown-up will probably skip such bits (of which there are many) as "his grandmother felt a funny little choke in her throat as she looked at his fine little head and straight back." Agnes Allen's *The Story of the Highway* is really a dramatised lesson book which gives plenty of historical and sociological information in its imaginary flashbacks into the past of English roads. Obviously an excellent choice for the school library and for a child whose feet are already firmly planted on the highway to scholarships. *Story Trove*, a mixed bag of 21 stories by highly popular children's authors, may tempt more frivolous children of ten or so though I call 7s. 6d. a good deal for a book which contains 14 reprints. The contents are better than the off-putting children on the jacket suggest but few of the authors are in their best form. I was much puzzled by a curious editorial device which seems designed to repel anyone in search of simple entertainment which is what *Story Trove* appears to offer. At the head of each story is an inquisitorial paragraph asking such questions as "What is yellow ochre?" "What kind of story do you call this, adventure or fantasy?" "When did the Hanseatic league flourish?" "Can you name any famous revolts that have changed the course of history?" Why?

Apart from these doubtful starters, there are six which struck me as well worth backing with a book token and I strongly fancy the first three. Really magnificent value for money and a solid reference book for years for any nautically minded boy or girl is William McDowell's *The Shape of Ships*. This is a workmanlike, accurate and highly readable work by a man who knows his subject. It traces the development of design and construction of ships from prehistoric dug-outs and coracles to the ships of World War II and after and is packed with detailed information. There are sixteen colour plates, dozens of clear diagrams, and an admirable glossary of nautical terms, including a diagram of a full-rigged ship with the name of each of its thirty sails. I have so many eager candidates, male and female, for my review copy (which I am loth to part with) that I fear I shall have to distribute some eight

and sixpenny tokens on my own. Any child interested in natural history should fall for *Every Child's Book of Animal Wonders* by J. Bentley Aistrop, F.Z.S., which will show it how to get the maximum pleasure from a visit to the Zoo. It gives fascinating information about the character and habits of creatures as familiar as the elephant or the kangaroo and as unfamiliar as the prianha and the kanchil, and provides seventeen full-page photographs. Each chapter deals with a different aspect of animal life, giving examples from different species. Among other things it deals with the birds and beasts which help or hinder man; the fighters and the pacifists; the architects, giants, midgets and clowns of the animal world. One of the most fascinating chapters is the one on "Strange Instincts" from which I learnt that bats use a principle similar to radio-location to avoid obstacles when they fly in the dark. Spallanzani discovered that they guide themselves by the echo of their own squeaks; stop up their noses (through which they squeak) or their ears and they blunder into everything. Children who buy either of these books are advised to write their names in them at once as a precaution against long-term borrowing.

For a younger child interested in animals *Sandy the Red Deer* by F. Fraser Darling, illustrated with delightful red and black chalk drawings by Kiddell-Monroe, is a very good six shillingsworth. It has the same quality as *Shape of Ships* and *Animal Wonders* of being written by someone who knows and cares about his subject. Moreover, it has charms rare in modern children's books—restraint and dignity. In fact it struck me as a small masterpiece of simple, unforced writing about children and wild animals and it conveys a picture not only of the lives of the deer but of the stalker and his family. There are no purple passages, no strainings after sentiment or sensation yet this quiet, carefully observed little book has a poetry of its own. Printing, layout and pictures are so good as to make it quite a collector's piece of book-production.

My other three "possibles" are all fiction and thus depend very much on the taste of an individual child. *Detectives by the Sea* is not too far-fetched an adventure to happen to a set of bright and inquisitive children. If the plot moves a little slowly, the children and grown-ups are well-drawn (I cannot say the same of the rather scratchy illustrations) and the background of a fishing village is excellent. There are good passages about birds and bird-watching interwoven with the story. In fact the really first-class description of ringing migrants in a storm on the platform of a lighthouse is more exciting than the catching of the modern smugglers. *A Boy in Samarkand* is about the adventures of a boy and girl in Russia and Samarkand (pre-1917). The background seems so authentic that I imagine George Sava spent his own childhood there. The children are exceedingly human and their life among Cossacks, peasants, servants and military relatives on big estates recalls the atmosphere of the Rostov family. Horse lovers should like it particularly for there is plenty of exciting riding (including a most convincing chase by wolves) and two splendid fast ponies, Lightning and Star.

Under Black Banner should suit children of exactly opposite tastes. This is contemporary and democratic with a vengeance. Nobody aspires to ride anything more sensational than a bike and the object of the heroes and heroines is to derequisition a large country house and reclaim for farming the land ruined by troops. The story is set in north country grammar schools, farms and youth hostels with one excursion to London in which the boy who tells the story does some lobbying on behalf of the project. However, the sociology and good citizenship are skilfully woven into the plot and the children are natural and likeable. Perhaps *Under Black Banner* is best described in the words one character uses of another "He was rough . . . lots of our chaps are and never take a very high polish . . . but he always struck me as dead straight."

ANTONIA WHITE

ANDREW YOUNG

Collected Poems. By ANDREW YOUNG. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Andrew Young, like Mr. de la Mare, has been at work for many decades, without touching the fringes of literary fashion. He has therefore received less attention from the critics than from the reading public. He carries no contemporary philosophy of life, and invents none of his own. He is a Christian of that kind who is content to relate faith to his love of the creatures of this world; the birds, beasts, flowers, clots of earth, trees, hills and streams, and an occasional human. Those manifests, moving or rooted, are his evidence of a paternal surveillance, and he is never tired of presenting them, intimately and individually, as demonstrators of a wisdom larger than the event in which he detects them.

This is a simple way of interpreting life. It has the sanction of time, for mankind has been relating himself and the universe in this way since the beginning of human consciousness. It is the way of all poetic imagery: the seeing of much in little, as Blake saw a world in a grain of sand and eternity in the palm of his hand. It is also the way children see things, for it has a concreteness that is satisfying. Again like Blake, Mr. Young has kept the sharp vision of a child, seeing things always for the first time, by means of that paradox which we call wonder.

This affects his thinking. It makes it immediate, confined, lucid. He does not build a cosmology, nor inflate his verse with abstract words. And although he is a priest of the Church of England, he does not dogmatise or dress his ideas in ritual. The reader has the sensation, rather than the certainty, that the theology is there, lurking beneath the wonder and the close curiosity which impel Mr. Young to the making of poetry. But it is never patent. That is the second quality which makes his work universal and timeless.

If he has any affinity, I should think it must be with Gilbert White, for his work, like the prose of *Selborne*, leaves one with a sense of being present in the face of a deep content, a true humility, and a happiness of spirit that has saturated into the very depths of this man's nature, tincturing even the inevitable griefs and horrors from which no individual can escape, and touching them with gratitude. The odd thing is, that the general effect of this book of collected poems, which contains the verse-play *Nicodemus*, still without the introduction of dogma, is one of a gentle sadness, as it were a shaking of the head over the inscrutability of life as witnessed by the poor wits of man. The poems offer themselves almost nonchalantly, pretending to be pebbles. But look at them in your hand, and you see the sparkle of gems. Every poem has an idea that is axiomatic, original. Sometimes it is merely fanciful; often it is deeply imaginative. It is always simple, in the same way that the images of W. H. Davies's verse are simple:

> Although the snow still lingers
> Heaped on the ivy's blunt webbed fingers
> And painting tree-trunks on one side . . .

That is also how Davies saw nature. But Mr. Young brings an additional faculty of scientific observation. Behind his simplicity are a method and a system, as he has revealed in his two prose books, *A Prospect of Flowers* and its sequel. But he is never content, in his verse, merely to catalogue what he has collected. Every observation is used for the purpose of a miniature drama, in which is established, firmly and authoritatively, one of those startling conclusions. Here is an example.

> Strong-shouldered mole,
> That so much lived below the ground,
> Dug, fought and loved, hunted and fed,
> For you to raise a mound
> Was as for us to make a hole;
> What wonder now that being dead
> Your body lies here stout and square
> Buried within the blue vault of the air?

One sees how this kind of thinking tends always to a linking up of all life by means of tracing

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likenesses of habit. Up is made to coincide with down, in a rich relativity. This is the philosopher in Mr. Young. But he has more. His close observation brings him such feasts of events that sometimes he is driven to an ecstasy of description, as when he stands looking at the March Hares.

I watched them leap and run,
Their bodies hollowed in the sun
To thin transparency,
That I could clearly see
The shallow colour of their blood
Joyous in love's full flood.

Both these examples contain a reference to love. It is difficult to read for long in Mr. Young's verse without that dominant striking upon the ear. There again the philosophy emerges; but it is a philosophy whose machinery is life itself, and whose terms are in pure poetry.

RICHARD CHURCH

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,089

Set by Maurice Cassel

The usual prizes are offered for a confidential report (limit 150 words) from the Headmaster (or Headmistress) of the school attended by one of the following: Alice, Peter Pan, Eric, Christopher Robin, Tom Sawyer, Oliver Twist, Casabianca, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Kim, Red Riding Hood. Entries by January 9th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,085

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a 12-line poem or extract from a poem by Blake, Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Hardy or Yeats, based on the material offered by one of the following: Crockford, Debrett, the Army List, *The Radio Times*, Hansard, Bradshaw, the London Telephone Directory.

Report by Naomi Lewis

It is true that Tennyson suffered often in later years from want of a subject. But faced with these great symbolic handbooks of our time, with their rolls of evocative names, he and the other illustrious professionals would have been stirred to fruitful thought, I am convinced. What that thought would have been, no competitor is likely to arrive at who *starts from parody*. Pastiche . . . well, yes. What is the difference between pastiche and parody? Very often, a prize in this competition. Prize-winners were, in fact, hard to come by—far too few entries catching both the style and the trick of thinking of their original. Even L. E. J.'s Tennyson has evidently been having a read of Mr. Betjeman; still, the Master's own works do at ironic moments give the same impression. Honourably mentioned: R. S. Laffray, Catherine Heath, A. E. Harries, Edward Blishen, Guy Kendall, R. J. P. Hewison. Prizes are shared between those printed.

BLAKE ON THE ARMY LIST

A name imprinted shows no face,
Shows no Evil, shows no Grace.
What of Love or what of Hate
Adorns this Catalogue of State?

A p.s.c. to fame aspires—
But hides the absolute desires.
A medal is an emblem bright—
Or token of incessant Night.

Daggers marked against a name
Show a fury and a flame.
But a birth-date! Oh what joy!
Shows a tiny naked boy.

LAURENCE FOWLER

TENNYSON ON CROCKFORD

When "Crockford" on my table lies,
I turn a page and close my eyes,
To hear the shrill of starlings storming
Rectories under October skies;

Or pace the path where, grave and slow,
The Dean's lame rackdaw prints the snow,
And, bright with hope for Minor Canons,
Deanery brick-windows glow;

Or mark the Precincts' Gothic style,
Nor miss, where choir-boys steal a smile,
The pale, thin hand of a prim Precentor
Fluttering in the Cathedral aisle.

L. E. J.

HARDY ON A WARTIME ARMY LIST

See General Push and Major Cross,
The C.I.G.S. and his A.D.C.—
Red tabs, with crowns, in their acting posts,
Rubbing elbows
(The Major's seniority
Is 1.5. '43).

Such form this list which advertises
Ephemeral power and its panoply.
How, from these names whom the public toasts
Can one tell those
Whose function once was thought to be
Pin-striped servility?

D. R. PEDDY

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Leaves, columned thrice, between
Husks buff, blue, pink and green,
Teem digits trailing ABB to WOR for calling's choice;
Each spells its mystic goal,
(Save far-flung TRU and TOL),
Tempts finger to holed dial, prelude to linking voice.

Strange, "How To Make A Call"
Does not explain at all
How silence may be breached when dead remains the line!
Yet rests there ample scope
To nourish pious hope
That our sown O or ENG will harvest 999.

G. B. A.

THOMAS HARDY ON THE RADIO TIMES

She fluttered the pages prettily,
"Let us harken to Take It From Here!
The humour is clean," she murmured,
"Or would you have music, my dear?"

He frowned at her artless question,
But, unwitting, "Peter Brough."
She opined, "And Archie are risible,
And Ray's A Laugh pleasant enough!"

But still he frowned on and, at last,
She sensed his demeanour dour,
And sighing she turned the one dial
To inbring the Farmer's Half-hour.

DOUGLAS HAWSON

W. B. YEATS ON THE ARMY LIST

Romantic Ireland here is seen
Among the British brigadiers:
The Irish Guards still wear the green—
Where are the Dublin Fusiliers?
Where march the Connaught Rangers now,
And all those phantom regiments
That set on the Black Rose's brow
The bays of four broad continents?
I mourn them, like the Wild Geese spread
Beyond the seas, beyond the grave—
The mad Mulvaneys Ireland bred,
All that delirium of the brave!

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CHESS: Masterly Footwork

No. 65

I have seen a report that last summer in Brazil M. Najdorf broke all records by playing 250 games simultaneously. In just over 11 hours he won 226, drew 14, and lost 10. Had he lost them all it would still be an achievement that even the great Nurmi could be proud of. And since the same Najdorf is said to have broken another record by playing over forty simultaneous games blindfold; and since, in the last few months, he certainly won two gruelling tournaments (at Bled and Amsterdam), ahead of Euwe, Reshevski, Stahlberg and other giants of our game, I would seem to be justified in devoting the last column of the old year to his prowess. Here, then, is a far too little known game which Najdorf himself is said to consider the best he ever played. He was White against Shapiro, and it happened at Lodz in 1929.

(1)	P-K4	P-K3	(11)	Q-R5 ch	K-Kt1
(2)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(12)	R-K1	Kt-B1
(3)	Kt-QB3	PxP	(13)	RxP	KtxR
(4)	KtxP	Kt-Q2	(14)	B-QB4	Q-Q3
(5)	Kt-KB3	KKt-B3	(15)	B-KR6	B-KB1
(6)	B-Q3	B-K2	(16)	R-K1	B-B1
(7)	O-O	P-QKt3	(17)	Q-K8	B-Q2
(8)	Kt-K5	B-Kt2	(18)	RxKt	RxQ
(9)	KtxKKt	PxKt	(19)	RxR ch	B-K3
(10)	KtxBP	KxKt	(20)	BxB ch and mates next move	

Slightly better known, perhaps, is a game which Najdorf (Black) played against Gluecksberg at Warsaw in 1935. His teacher Tartakover dubbed it "The Polish Immortal"—in those days Najdorf, now living in Argentina, was still a Pole—and in sacrificial splendour it seems indeed remindful of Anderssen's famous game.

(1)	P-Q4	P-KB4	(12)	P-KKt3	Q-R4
(2)	P-QB4	Kt-KB3	(13)	K-Kt2	B-Kt8
(3)	Kt-QB3	P-K3	(14)	KtxB	Q-R7 ch
(4)	Kt-KB3	P-Q4	(15)	K-B3	P-K4
(5)	P-K3	P-QB3	(16)	QPxP	KtxKP ch
(6)	B-Q3	B-Q3	(17)	PxKt	KtxKP ch
(7)	O-O	O-O	(18)	K-B4	Kt-Kt3 ch
(8)	Kt-K2	QKt-Q2	(19)	K-B3	P-B5
(9)	Kt-Kt5	BxP ch	(20)	KPxP	B-Kt5 ch
(10)	K-R1	Kt-Kt5	(21)	KxB	Kt-K4 ch
(11)	P-B4	Q-K1	(22)	PxKt	P-R4 mate

I have refrained from dotting this score with exclamation marks, since each move seems to be "telling" enough.

For this week's competition I offer two studies quite difficult enough to rate 6 points each in the "ladder," particularly, if I give no helping hint. In A White is to move and draw. B is a win for White.

A: C. Dorasil

B: Henri Rinck

Usual prizes. Entries by January 8th.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 9

A: (1) K-K6, Kt-K1, (2) K-K7, Kt-Kt2, (3) K-B7, etc.
B: (1) K-Q2, R-QK16, (2) K-B2, R-K6, (3) Kt-B4 ch, K-Kt4, (4) RxB, KxKt, (5) B-B1, etc.

These two last "pre-ladder" studies were evidently too simple. Too many correct solutions to mention them all. Prizes shared by E. N. Keen, J. M. Reid, G. Watson, H. Zygalski.

Entries for the "British Studies Competition" have begun to come in. Competitors for the 5 guinea prizes (see *N.S. & N.* of December 2nd) should remember the closing date on January 15th.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in German in the Department of Modern Languages. The salary range of the Senior Lectureship is £A800-25-850-50-£1,000, to which is added a present cost of living allowance of £20. In filling the post an initial appointment according to qualifications and experience may be made at any salary in the range. However, a female appointee will be paid on a range equal to £25 less than that stated. University salaries may be reviewed in the near future and if increases are allowed the appointee will participate in any increase. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is January 15, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand, Lecturer-in-Charge, Geography Department.—Applications are invited for this Senior Lectureship, which will be vacant in 1951. Salary scale £900—£1,000 (N.Z.). Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applications is Feb. 28, 1951.

LONDON County Council. Applications are invited from chartered librarians for a post in the grade of Senior Library Assistant within the Education Library Service. The salary scale is £375 x £25—£550. In exceptional circumstances, a commencing salary above the minimum may be authorised. The person selected will have charge of the students' libraries at Brixton School of Building, Ferndale Rd., S.W.4, and Norwood Technical College, Knight's Hill, S.E.27, and may be required from time to time to undertake other associated duties. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (EO/Estab.2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary), should be returned not later than Jan. 12, 1951. Canvassing disqualifies.

THE Motor Industry Research Association has a vacancy in the Information Section for a Technical Abstractor. Candidates should preferably have a degree in engineering, or its equivalent, and a sound knowledge of French and/or German. Salary £500 p.a. Superannuation provision under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Applications to Director, Motor Industry Research Association, Great West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex.

IMPORTANT National Charity requires Appeals Organiser for London and Home Counties to commence early in 1951. Salary at the rate of £900 to £1,000 per annum. Applicants must have had considerable experience of appeals work and be able to control staff. Applications should be sent within ten days of the appearance of this advertisement, accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, to Box 279.

HEMEL Hempstead Development Corporation. Applications are invited for the post of Junior Assistant in Central Registry. Commencing salary between £300-£350 according to age and experience, subject to review after three months' service. A University Degree or equivalent essential. Previous experience in registry or library work would be an added qualification. Contributory superannuation scheme. Applications, endorsed "Registry," to be sent to General Manager, Westbrook Hay, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, within fourteen days.

ESSEX County Council. Assistant House Mothers required for work in small homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £247 p.a., less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enquiries to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

THE Dartington Hall Trustees invite applications for the post of Director of Music in the Arts Department at Dartington Hall, which falls vacant in September, 1951. The Director will be responsible for the full-time residential course for Teachers and Organisers approved by the Ministry of Education, for training and conducting the orchestra and chorus of local players and singers, and taking an open composition class. The Trustees hope to attract to this job a man or woman who combines first-class musical ability with an interest in amateurs and beginners. The salary will be according to experience and the post is pensionable. Application forms obtainable from the Arts Administrator, Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon.

ST. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Psychologist (part-time) required. Salary up to £2 2s. per session, subject to any National Scale which may be announced at a later date. Four sessions of three hours each weekly. Applications, giving full details of age, qualifications, experience, and names and addresses of three referees, to Physician Superintendent. The successful candidate may be req. to pass a medical examination.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

IMMEDIATE applications are invited for the post of Grants and Welfare Organiser. Salary ranges £350 to £400 according to qualifications and experience. For further particulars and form of application forward stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the General Secretary, National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

INTERNATIONAL Children's Charity seek really competent Personal Secretary, commencing salary approx. £6. Apply in writing to B.P.C.V.A., 1 Park Crescent, W.1.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, requires Housemother to supervise 15 weekly boarders aged 8-16.

ST. HILARY'S, Alderley Edge, Cheshire. Required at Easter or earlier, Matron for Hurst Lea, boarders' residence. Apply to the Headmistress.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Experienced lady cook needed early in January, working with other cooks under a citerer-dietitian; cooking for 200 daily, midday meal 300. Applics. to the Co-Principal.

FROEBEL Educational Institute. Required in January, resident Head Cook for teachers' training college. Apply to the Bursar, Grove House, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15.

EXPERIENCED shorthand-typist (not under 25) required early January. Initiative & accuracy vital; interesting Press work. Write, stating age, experience, salary required, Box 218.

HELP wanted to run small home, Hampstead Garden Suburb. Box 437.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN B.A. (Politics, History: Oxford), interested secretarial work, London. Competent typist. Learning shthnd. Box 123.

UNIVERSITY woman, expd. bilingual secretary, commercial and legal translator; English, German, French (working knowledge Spanish, Italian) shs. position. Box 166.

EXPERIENCED woman requires post offering scope in administration and management; competent secretary-accountant; accustomed to hard work; interests cultural, current affairs and country life. Highest references. Preferably with unfurnished accommodation. Box 216.

YOUNG lady, Italian, knowledge languages, teaching qualifications, widely travelled, seeks suitable occupation. Box 231.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist (orthodox Jewess), Kndge P.A.V.E., professional office exp., good worker with excellent refs., wd welcome employment where conditions congenial and salary satisfactory. Box 434.

PERSONAL

ACCOM. reqd. intel. lady aged 72, physically fit, but subject periodic depressions. London Home Counties. £4 p.w. Box 264.

ARTIST, going overseas, selling horse-drawn caravan. Large, all complete. Glastonbury. Box 416.

A GAME that teaches—jig-saws of accurate illustrated maps make enthralling gifts for children as well as adults. Heart of London and S.E. England, 2s. 6d. only. Heart of Paris and Shakespeare's County, 2s. 9d. Through W. H. Smith and other stationers, or Francis Chichester, 9 St. James's Place, London, S.W.1.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

WENSLEYDALE: Lady has accommodation for two or three long-term or permanent guests in comfortable home. Ripon—Harrogate bus route. Suitable middle-aged or elderly people, needing rest and quiet. Holtrum, Carperby, Leyburn, Yorks. Aysgarth 258.

RETIRED Head of School for "problem" boys and girls places experience at disposal of parents and teachers. Consultation or correspondence. Beamish, 12 Courtfield Rd., S.W.7.

WELL-Known London producer sometimes undertakes private lessons; young professionals, exp. amateurs, advanced students, no beginners. Further information Box 2.

A PORTRAIT by John Vickers is valued for its insight into the personality of the sitter. The informal atmosphere of his studio is especially appreciated by those who approach the camera with misgiving. John Vickers, 29b Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Marie Heynemann, 179 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6.

FOR the tired businessman, who has no time for a holiday, a course of nerve manipulation is reintegrating, relaxing, stimulating and invigorating. A therapy of proved value for fatigue, nervous tension, and physical debility. Mr. Stephen, 1, Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600.

LESSONS Russian, Arabic, French, Persian. English for foreigners. Fees reasonable. Kyle, 134 Lexham Gardens, W.8.

WELL-fitted stage Leics. Sq. for hire. Plays, Ballets etc. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d. set. "I Said It," delightful literary quiz party game 3s. 9d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

PERSONAL—continued

LADY (widow) requires furn. room, N.W. district. Willing sit in, mend, sew, etc., if low rent. Box 9531.

YOUNG Writers. First-class criticism and helpful practical advice on construction, presentation and markets for your work. Rate 7s. 6d. per thousand words. Send your MSS. to: Bernard Griffith, B.A. (Cantab.), 36 Leinster Square, London, W.2.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

DAM that drought with Atomic Strip. Details: Atomic Services (77), 15 Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C.2.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kollerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Facilities for pottery, wood and soft stone carving, weaving, etc. Fixed courses in Special Crafts week-end to one month, and in General Crafts 13 weeks to one year, will begin early 1951.

ARTISTS' West-End studio; small painting classes. Highest professional individual tuition for beginners to serious but informal atmosphere. Reas. terms. Box 9857.

ENGLISH as she is spoke. Expert guidance by professional writer. MAI. 0082.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1084.

MATHS. Personal tuition wherever you are. Postal courses. Bacon, 136 Coombe Road, Salisbury.

FRENCH lady, diploma, would give lessons conversation, grammar. Box 9445.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher, Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

NEW Year's party. Come and join us for a gay New Year's week-end in New Year's Eve celebration at a house-party near Windsor. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, Kensington, S.W.7. Tel. KEN. 0911 or Winkfield Row 3231 (Dec. 29-Jan. 1 only).

A STUDENTS' Ski-ing Party above Villars in Switzerland. 10 days from March 22. Incl. charge £24 13s. 6d. covering travel, seat reservations, meals on journey, accommodation and good food, hire of skis, professional instruction, free use ski-lifts. One of many winter holidays described in our programme. Ramblers Association, 48 Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1. Phone: AMB. 2495.

CHEAPER than ever.—Escape the English winter by enjoying the sun at San Remo. 14 days' holiday £27 17s. 6d. incl. from London. Details from Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., W.1. MUSeum 8499.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

DIFFERENT is the word for Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on Ashdown Forest. There's good food and comfort too. Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

FRENCH Riviera, Hotel Sévigné, Roquebrune—Cap Martin. Flowered terrace overlooking sea. Ideal climate. Excel. cuisine. Mod. charges. 1,000 yards from Monte-Carlo Casino. Open all year. R. Prevot.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to good hotels, inns, etc., in Britain's loveliest holiday counties. Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. per wk. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 348.

A HOMELY welcome, exc. cuisine and sunny holidays await you at Hotel Celine Rose, Menton, A.M. 1,200/-, incl. per day.

GREAT Missenden, Bucks. Tapping House Private Hotel; 2 mins. from station, 1 hr. London. Charming XVIIth century house with all modern comforts. All bedrooms with h. & c. Centrally heated throughout. Excellent food. Tel.: 516.

DITCHLING, Sx. Bed-sit. room, warm sunny house. Full partial board. Box 109.

CHARMOUTH House, Charmouth, Dorset coast village. Winter in comfort. Reduced terms. Private sitting room suit writer. Vacancies mid-January.

THE Old Hope Anchor, Rye, regrets to inform its clients that it must close this winter but will re-open on March 14.

STEANBRIDGE welcomes people of all nationalities. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley ideal for rest and recuperation. Home-grown produce; log fires; breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel: Painswick 2312.

OXON. You can spend the autumn and winter in warmth and comfort without fear of river mists at Croft House Hotel, Barcot, Oxon. Good food, perfect for a honeymoon. Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

OWN produce, log fires, Vi springs, views, peace, comfort. Beadon Prior Hotel, Salcombe, S. Devon. Tel.: Salcombe 193.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone: Bude 147.

RIVIERA. Hotel Westminster, Cap Martin (nr. Monte Carlo). Ideally situated overlooking sea. Sunbathing terrace. Extremely moderate terms. H. & C. all rooms.

HASTINGS 4571. Optima conditions, congenial atmosphere always. Competative winter terms. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd.

SWITZERLAND. Convalescence, holidays, winter sports, ski-school, 3,370ft. high Guest House. Comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. 14 francs d/t., inc. Write brochure: "Le Cerisier," Caux-sur-Montreux.

CORNWALL. Spring, so full with flowers, comes in January here among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Excellent for asthma. Every comfort. Trebarrock Manor, Port Isaac 214.

NR. Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans. Charming, well-run modern Guest House in lovely country. London 24 miles. Restaurant open to non-residents. Reserve tables. Tel. Jordans 2155.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w. 60 acres. From 4½gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court Hotel. 33 rooms, 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food, 2½ gns. whly. inclusive. Tel.: 1944.

WESTERN Lake District. Iron Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

TREWORNAN Manor House, nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Century Manor in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach St. Enodoc Golf Course. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all the year round.

THE Englishman Abroad and even more the Englishwoman, has very definite ideas about those small items which can make or mar a continental holiday. The beautiful Villa Tanit assures a background of personal attention (English spoken) and all modernised comforts. H. & C. in all bedrooms, central heating and excellent cuisine provided by prize medallist chef who knows nothing about austerity! All this for tariff frs. 800 (about 16s.) a day inclusive of service charges, the best value on the Côte d'Azur. Villa Tanit, Rue Alexandre-Dumas, Nice.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

HIGH time you tried the S.P. Grill & Cafe, 6 Denman St., Piccadilly Circus (25 years old). The Fried Chicken Plate—the Sandwiches—the Lemon Meringue Pie, and lots of other good things to eat for lunch, tea and before "The Show."

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

BERNARD Shaw's Rhyming Picture Guide to Ayot St. Lawrence. 32pp. & cover with 60 photographs and rhymed verses by Bernard Shaw. 1s. with art board cover, or bound cloth 5s. Newsagents, booksh ops/ Leagrave Press, Luton (pp. 3d. extra).

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 114 Newcastle Rd., Glasgow.

"LONDON Musical Events," Joad, Hasskell, C. B. Rees, Wm. Mann, George Montagu contribute monthly. 48 pages. Illustrated. At booksta ls 1s., or from 107 Southampton Row, W.C.1

BOOKS bought. High prices paid for pre-war & recent fiction in fine condition. Fiction Centre, 57a St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

DEUTSCHE Literatur wanted! Selected German books on philosophy, history, prose, poetry and art in stock. Continental Book Supply, 32a Chomley Park, London, N.6. Tel. MOU. 1482.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Libraries bought. Nr. Lyric Theatre, W.6. Riv. 6807.

BALLET-Lovers. Fonteyn 11s. 3d.; Shearer 3s. 10d.; Helpmann 4s. Comprehensive list over 80 illustrated titles 3d. stamp. Also 3d. stamp: Screen Ballet Books, 50-52 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

REGENT'S Park house, lease 4 years, renewable, quick sale £1,200 with furniture. Maisonette let, 2 top flats available. Rent rates £200. Box 82.

QUANTOCK hamlet: house for sale; 5 bedrooms and 3 sitting-rooms, all mains. Nr. church, inn and bus. £5,500. Box 94.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed a few weeks. State latest date acceptable, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334) (ex. Mon.) Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. Wed., 2.30. "Lady Precious Stream." Mems.

UNITY. BUS 5391. Last perf. "Longitude 49," Sun., Dec. 31, 7.30. New Revue "Here Goes!" opens Jan. 10. Mems. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

A BATTLE of Vice and Virtue! See the famous 100-year-old American Melodrama "The Drunkard" performed (not burlesqued) by Tavistock Repertory Co.—London's leading non-professional Company. Opening for very short run Jan. 2. Evenings 7.30 p.m., Mat. Sat., 2.30 p.m., at the cosy little Christchurch Studio Theatre, 156a, Albany St., N.W.1. Tickets 1s. 6d. & 2s. Members only. Club membership 2s. 6d. per year. Apply immediately for election or phone EUSton 7185 after 7 p.m. for full details.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2, presents "Late Joys" and "Ali Baba." Mon. and Tues., 8 p.m., Wed. to Sat. 9 p.m. Members. Tel.: TRA. 1134.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 4244. Dec. 31, 7.30. Les Parents Terribles (A). Fr.

EVERYMAN. Hamp. 1525. Until Dec. 31: "Flaherty's" Louisiana Story." (U). From Jan. 1: Cocteau's "La Belle et la Bête" (A).

ICA. Film Season. 7.45 p.m., at French Institute, S. Kensington. Tues., Jan. 2, "Seashell and the Clergyman," "Un Chien Andalou" shorts. In advance only from Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

NEW Era Film Club. Special programme "Children of the City" (Rudge Cooper), "Dough and Dynamite" (Chaplin), "Hollywood Ten" (London Premiere), "Oxbow Incident" (Wellman) at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Fri. & Sat., Jan. 5 and 6, 7.30 p.m. Reduced prices this show. Details tickets and membership: A. Miller, 40a Hermon Hill, E.11.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. The B.B.C. presents Winter Series, January 8 to 20, Nightly at 7.30 (Sunday excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent (Jan. 8-12, 16-20), Basil Cameron (Jan. 13 and 15). Tickets: Res. 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 6d.; and Prospectus from Hall (Ken. 8212) and Agents. Seasons (Prom.): 12s. from Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., at doors only.

COMMITTEE for the Promotion of New Music presents its 124th Studio Recital at Salle Erard, Gt. Marlborough St., at 6.30 on Tues., Jan. 2. Chairman: Humphrey Searle. 1st Speaker: Basil Lam.

ALL-Coloured Variety Concert by the 77 Club including **Ike Hatch, Winifred Atwell,** Kenny Graham's Band and calypso singers. Sun. Dec. 31, 8 p.m., St. Pancras Town Hall. Tkts. 3s. 6d. from Tn. Hall. TEM. 7070.

DANCE. Caribbean Fancy Dress Ball with two bands, including Hermanos Deniz Cuban Rhythm Band, calypso singers and Archie Lewis (Britain's Bing Crosby). Jan. 1, 1951, 7.30 p.m., St. Pancras Town Hall. Tickets in advance 6s., at the door 7s., from Town Hall. TEM. 7070.

HUNGARIAN New Year's Ball. Sunday, December 31. Hungarian wines, music, food. Programme and Band. Tickets 3s. (5s. double). Hungarian Club in London, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. BAY. 0273. Doors open 7.30.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints. The whole range is on show at 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner Lincoln's Inn Fields) every day 9 to 6, and Saturday mornings. Catalogue sent on request.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Denis Williams and pen-and-ink drawings by "Scottie Wilson," also Aegly Replicas of Manet, Monet, Pissaro, Renoir, etc.

ASIAN Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Collection of Paintings by Asian Artists in London. Until January 7th.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. First Exhibition in England of the paintings of Ottavio Mitelli, the Shoemaker of Terni (1872-1938). Also Les Equilibristes by Anna Mayerson, and Toiles Brodées by Frances Richards.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings by Victor Pasmore; Colour prints by London Painter-Printers; Paintings by John Harrison. Hours, 10-6. St. 10-1.

1950 Aspects of British Art, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. Dec. 15-Jan. 12. Weekdays 10-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

AFTER closing down the premises of St. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor Street, W.1, Mrs. Lea Jaray is conducting her activities from No. 2 Lambolle Road, N.W.3. Interested for offers of French Impressionists, Modern English and French School, also Paul Klee, Franz Marc, etc. Offers should be made in writing or 'phone PRI. 0847 before 11 a.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BRITISH Rumanian Friendship Association sends New Year Greetings to all members and friends.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS continued

BREAKDOWN of the Planning Act. Public Meeting: Review and Condemnation of its Development charges and its other Financial Provisions. Speaker: Mr. A. W. Madsen, B.Sc., Secretary, United Committee for the Taxation of Land Values and Editor of "Land and Liberty." Kent Room, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tues., Jan. 9, 1951, 7 p.m. Questions.

JANUARY 5, 1951. Association for Education in Citizenship. Open meeting at Conference of Educational Associations at King's College, Strand, at 2.30 p.m. W. Bisphan, O.B.E., M.A., B.Sc., on "Vocational Education in relation to Citizenship."

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau, 4, Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon St., W.1. Prof. Roth on "The Film as an Instrument of International Understanding," 6 p.m., Tuesday, January 2. Admission free.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga and the Mind. Jan. 2, Aim of Mind Control; Jan. 9, How to Use the Mind; Jan. 16, Practice of Meditation. Tues. 1 p.m., at Caxton Hall, S.W.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. January 6, at 6 p.m. Mlle. Michèle Andre: Chansons Françaises.

MR. Raghavan N. Iyer will speak on "The Philosophy of Education," Jan. 5, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Thurs., Jan. 4, 8 p.m. "Pascin the Painter." Illustrated lecture by Imri Hofbauer. Non-members 1s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday morning at 11 a.m., Dec. 31, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "New Light on Christian Origins."

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture. Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All week. December 31: The Birth of a Year.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Meets in the Library on Tuesday evenings at 7 p.m. Jan. 2, Dr. J. A. C. Brown, M.B., Ch.B., "The Sick Society; the Functions of Psychosocial Medicine." Adm. free. Collection.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE Theatre in Britain To-day. 11 public lectures, Tues., 6.30, beginning Jan. 9, at Morley College, 61, Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. Lecturers include: Peter Brook, John Counsell, Alan Dent, R. F. Delderfield, Christopher Fry, Laurence Irving, Benn Levy, Henry Sherek, J. C. Trewin, Geoffrey Whitworth. Course fee 10s. Details from Secretary (Wat. 6872).

UNIVERSITY College, London, Public Lunch-Hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 1.15 to 2 p.m., in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street.) Admission Free. Jan. 16, Modern Developments in Dutch Historical Writing, Professor G. J. Renier. Jan 18, A Glorious Failure: Vauvenargues, Dr. L. W. Tancock. Jan. 23, The Burlington House Exhibition, Professor R. Wittkower. Jan. 25, Wireless Waves, Mr. A. L. Cullen. Jan 30, Pietro Bembo and Venetian Historiography, Mr. D. S. Duncan. Feb. 1, William Hyde Wollaston, Mr. L. F. Gilbert. Feb. 6, 13, A. E. Housman: Scholar and Poet, Professor J. F. Lockwood. Feb. 8, Keynesian Economics To-Day, Dr. A. W. Stonier. Feb. 15, Population Trends, Mr. W. J. Corlett. Feb. 20, 27, Photoelasticity: Determination of the Stresses in Machine Parts, Mr. H. T. Jessop. Feb. 22, Bibliography and the Study of Literature, Mr. F. C. Francis. Mar. 1, Counting Heads: The Taking of the Census 1801-1951, Mr. A. J. Taylor. Mar. 6, Oscillations in Sea Level & the Landscape, Mr. E. H. Brown. Mar. 8, John Wesley and His "Primitive Physick," Dr. E. Ashworth Underwood. Details of all public lectures from Assistant Secretary, University College London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

INTEGRATION of Europe—Special conference at Brighton, Jan. 26-28, organised by Progressive League. Speakers: Catlin, Healey, Josephy, Crossland, Mackay. Details from 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1938. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by The Cornwall Press Ltd., Paul Street, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, Publishing Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

VOL. 41
NOS. 1035 – 1060

VOL. 42
NOS. 1061 – 1086

1951

PUB. 521

UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN. 1952